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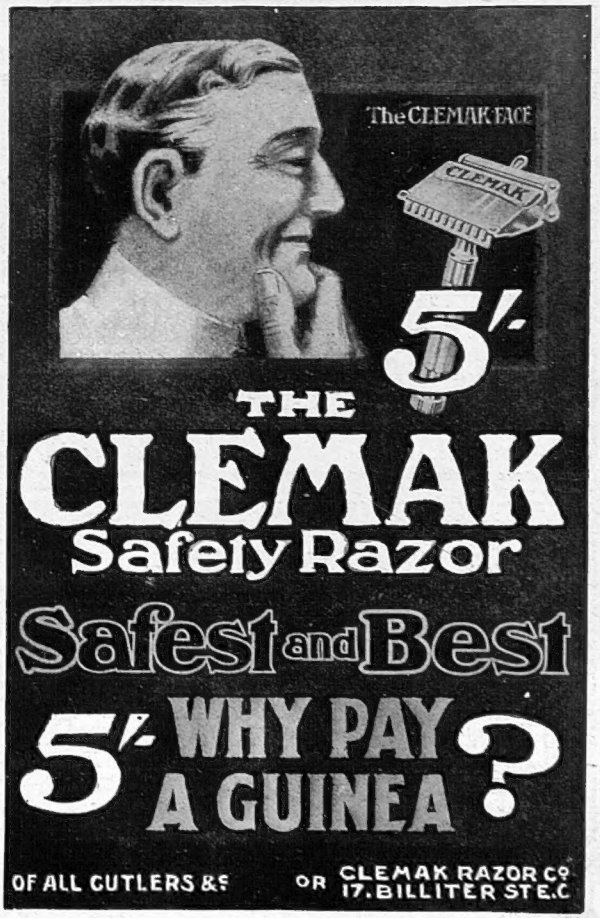

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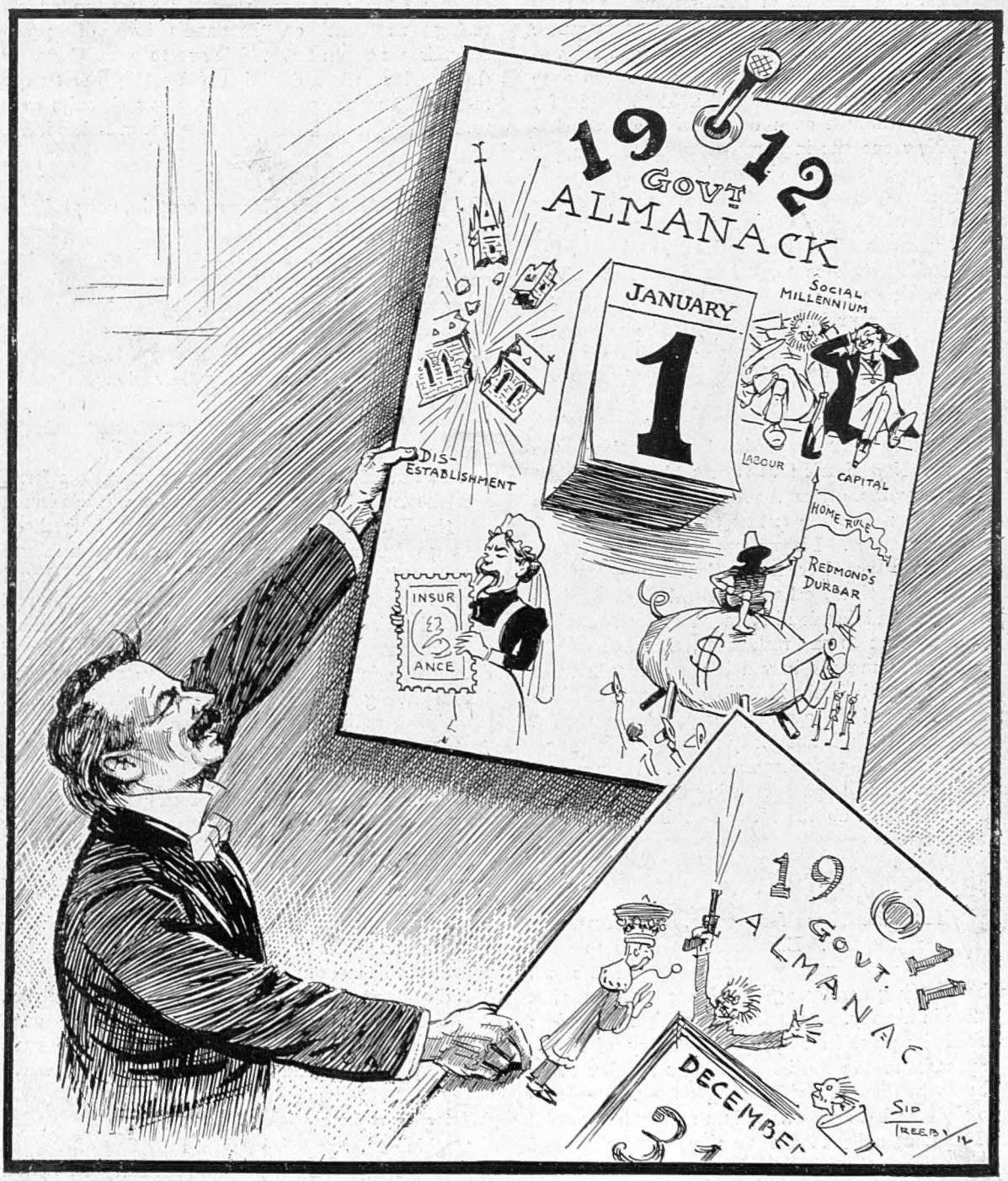

OFF WITH THE OLD AND ON WITH THE NEW

BY SID TREEBY

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"

—PISTOL (*modified*)

1912—Has It Arrived?

THE New Year has, no doubt, duly arrived. Times are, however, changing, with the result that the young gentleman is now so much of a man about town, and has such a large number of hotel-restaurants on his midnight calling list, that one hardly likes to guarantee his safe arrival. In other days, the New Year was more of a countryman. Those in England who were interested in his nocturnal arrival used to watch for him quietly through open doors, windows, or sky-lights. Now one sits in a restaurant eating supper and drinking champagne with one's eye on the clock. The manner of the New Year's arrival is stage-managed entirely by the restaurant people, who prepare "surprises" of various kinds, while we, the night-watchers, make more or less asses of ourselves, wearing cracker caps, masks, and behaving ourselves quite without restraint. Then, on the morrow, we meet the New Year itself with tired eyes and aching head.

***

Tuition Needed

BUT, like most un-national celebrations, the new New Year's Eve is not likely to outlast many more years. Already the public is beginning to realise the extent to which the thing is born of commerce. I know two or three parties of people who returned from the Continent—from the Alps some of them, others overland from India—expecting to find London in a mood of high hilarity. They drove first to one restaurant, then to another, only to find themselves barred because they had not reserved tables beforehand. Now, an orgie so little spontaneous and so carefully prepared, on such a business-like basis, is not likely to enjoy permanence. Abroad, these things are spontaneous. The revellers stroll from place to place catching hilarity as it flies. I think we shall do the New Year better when the Germans come.

***

Retrospects and Anticipations

WITH the New Year come, of course, the retrospects. Each newspaper sets to work to reconstruct the past year, and it seems to be pretty generally agreed that 1911 is one that will live in history. As a Coronation Year alone it is sure of its place in Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. The passage of the Parliament Bill is another event that may be thought highly of by history. But who is to say for what any year will ultimately be famous? As I look at a list of the notable events of 1812, I see that among them is the birth of Charles Dickens. Who knows but that a greater than Dickens may not be squalling in his cradle at this very moment, whose birth will be 1912's chief claim to notoriety?

Good Cheer from Cologne

IT is impossible to look forward without the same uneasy feeling of impending doom as has threatened us at the beginning of every other recent year. The *Cologne Gazette* cheers us all up by an article telling us that on England's love of peace depends peace on earth. We are to show Germany deeds. But what deeds? If by this the *Gazette* means that we are going to throw our Colonies over to Germany like handfuls of confetti, it mistakes itself.

***

Privilege While You Pay

THE New Year's Honours contain, out of forty-four, the names of exactly two gentlemen whose work is known to the public. Of these, one has provided us with some excellent novels, the other with some excellent pills. As to most of the baronets and knights, what, one may ask, *is* the explanation of the continued granting of titles to men who, however personally worthy, have done no public work whatever to justify their elevation over their fellow men? One does not cavil at awards of honour to men who have openly done their party service in Parliament, the Press, or on the platform. But the award of a baronetcy to an ex-chairman of the Peddlecombe Guardians, or a knighthood to a gentleman "connected with leading businesses in the City"—well, I make no insinuations, but I should very much like to know, in round figures, the real reason for the granting of such honours. A Radical Government which professes to aim at the levelling of class distinctions, but which actually, year by year, disburses privileges by the hundred, is hypocrisy incarnate.

***

Letterless Sunday London

AFTER his latest Tabernacle speech, which was rather a brilliant one I thought, Mr. Lloyd George dealt out a crushing blow to somebody who wanted a Sunday postal delivery. "London," he said, "is a pretty big village, and it gets on pretty well without Sunday deliveries." But, Mr. Chancellor, London does *not* get on well without them. It is an unendurable nuisance not to be able to make any communication, whether it be one of life or death, to a resident in the world's metropolis on the Sabbath. As a general rule, one does not want to receive business letters on a Sunday; nor would receive them at one's private house. But private letters and messages are another matter.

***

Winter Sport Impressions

ON another page is published the first of a batch of impressions by "JOURNEYMAN" on Winter Sport. I have reason to believe that my correspondent's articles will be not merely amusing, but genuinely useful as criticism and as information.

Durbar Photos.

The IMPERIAL DURBAR

"IT is a sincere pleasure and gratification to myself and the Queen-Empress to behold this vast assemblage, and in it my Governors and trusty officials, my great Princes, the representatives of the Peoples, and deputations from the Military Forces of my Indian Dominions. I shall receive in person with heartfelt satisfaction the homage and allegiance which they loyally desire to render. I am deeply impressed with the thought that a spirit of sympathy and affectionate goodwill unites Princes and people with me on this historic occasion." — The King-Emperor at Delhi.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION WENDING ITS WAY TOWARDS JUMMA MUSJID, THE LARGEST MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE IN THE WORLD, AND A TRIUMPH OF MOGUL ARCHITECTURE

SOME VIEWS OF LAST MONTH'S PAGEANTRY IN THE EAST

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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DALY'S THEATRE, Every Evening, at 8.15.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Musical Production,
"THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." English libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, SATURDAY, at 2.15.

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Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.45. Two Special THURSDAY Mats., Jan. 4 and 11.

WYNDHAM'S. GERALD du MAURIER and Company,
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Jan. 5 and 10, at 8.15, RIGOLETTO.
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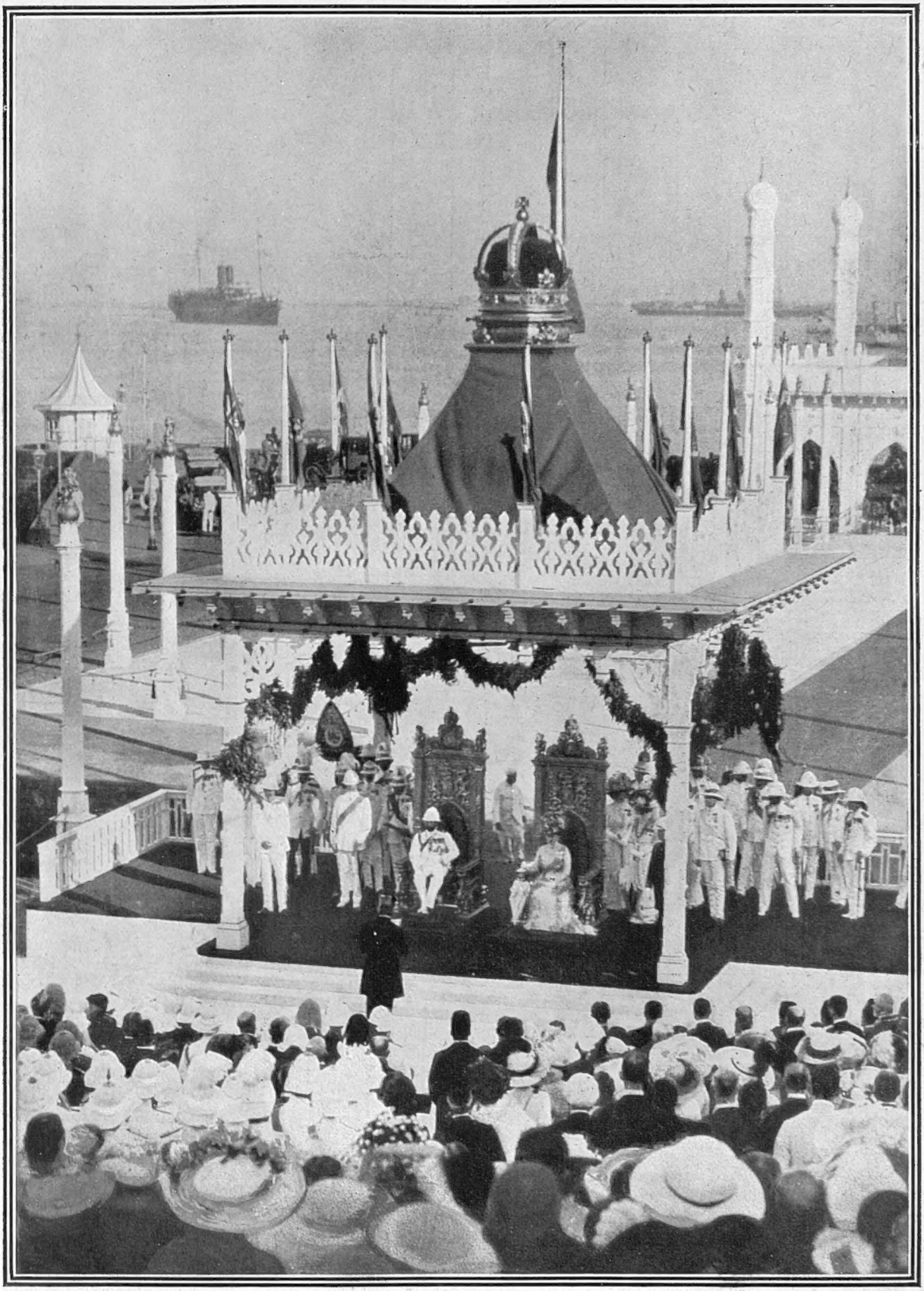
The King-Emperor at Bombay

HIS MAJESTY RECEIVING AN ADDRESS AT A CHILDREN'S FÊTE



Upon landing at the Apollo Bunder the King and Queen drove to the grounds of the old Bombay Exhibition to attend the Children's Fête. In the Stadium, twenty-five thousand school children of all castes and creeds were seated, and their Majesties were accorded a great welcome. One hundred and fifty Parsee girls danced a "gurdi." The visit to the exhibition concluded with a tour through the grounds, after which their Majesties returned to the "Medina," which may be seen in the background of the photograph

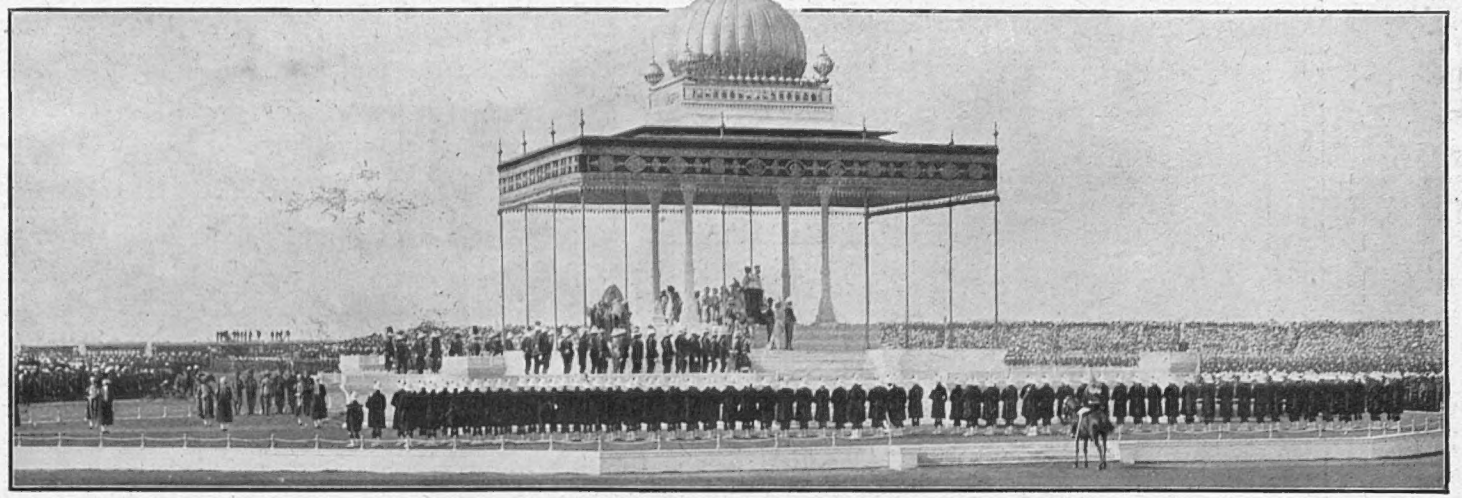
3 Durbar Photos

The Wonderful Pageantry at Delhi

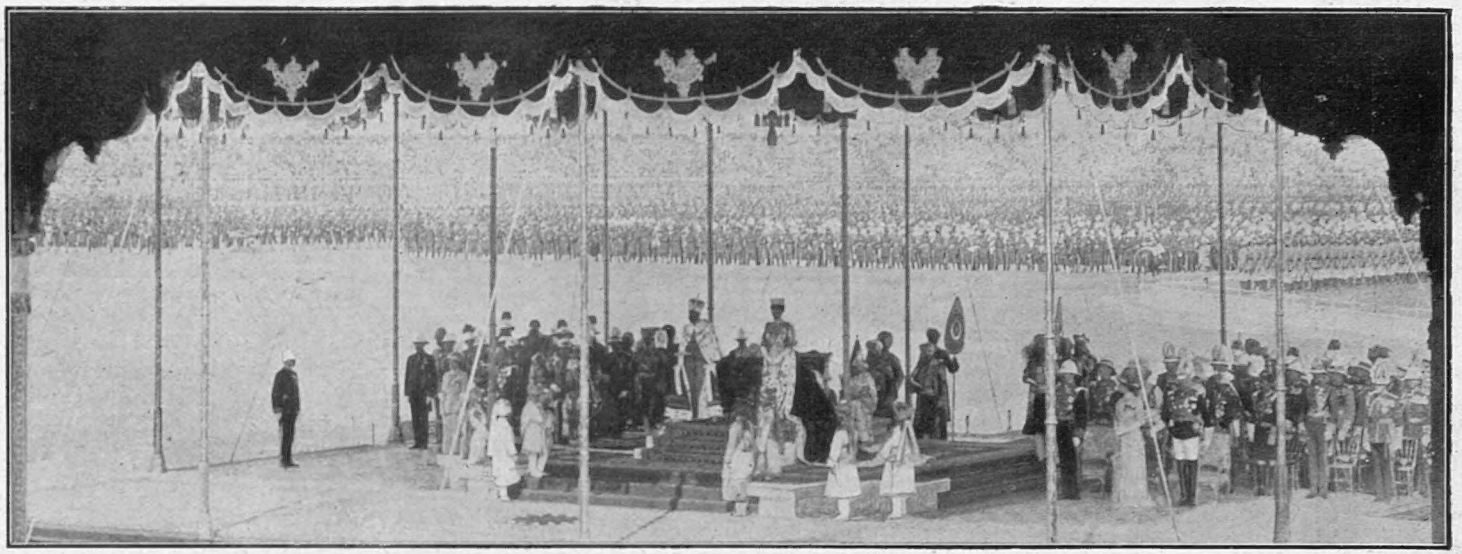
Photograph *Illustrations Bureau*

THEIR MAJESTIES IN THEIR ROBES AND CROWNS AT THE GARDEN PARTY AT DELHI ON DEC. 13

The people are assembled on the Zer Jharokha, below the eastern wall of the fort



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DURBAR: THEIR MAJESTIES ARE STANDING UNDER THE CANOPY



Photographs *L.N.A. Staff Photographer*

THE KING-EMPEROR DELIVERING THE DURBAR SPEECH

It was on this occasion that His Majesty announced the transference of the capital of British India from Calcutta to Delhi

WINTER SPORT—What About It?

By "JOURNEYMAN"

No. I.—NOTES ON THE WAY AWAY UP

Hotel des Alpes, Mürren.

IT is an act of daring to write in the present tense of anything connected with the weather, but Winter Sport bids one be daring, and I dare accordingly to say that where I am at the present moment Winter Sport is an Alpine actuality.

With my own eyes I have seen a toboggan or two and an occasional pair of skis in action. I have also seen Jaeger-clad, knickerbockered supermen and superwomen in actual being. No longer are they to me creatures of last year's photographs and this year's railway posters. They are real, they are earnest, terribly earnest, and whatever may be the case with the grave, the gay is certainly not their goal.

At the moment of writing there is ski-ing, skating, tobogganing, etc., at all events at Mürren, Davos, St. Moritz, and Montana.

There are some, if not all of these, at Wengen, at Caux, at Les Avants, and at most of the other resorts over 3,000ft. up. Myself, I write from Mürren. The hour is evening. I popped off yesterday from London by the Dover boat train from Victoria; arrived in Paris in time for one of those quick drives to one's favourite café, which enable one to see that little of Paris which is *tout-Paris*. For the Gay City never seems so gay as when one has only two or three hours within it. After that the move, long in time, but wondrous comfortable in transit, over the P.L.M. *via* Pontarlier into Switzerland. That I have made Mürren my headquarters is the triumphant climax to a chapter of doubt and distress. I crossed the Swiss frontier in torrential rain.

"This," I remarked to my travelling companion, who assumed for the purpose of the trip the rôle of an amateur photographer, "will not do. We are wasting our own and THE BYSTANDER's valuable time going further. We could see this"—I pointed to the rain, to the green fields, to the kitchen gardens, to the deep puddles, to the gentle, twittering birds—"we could see this at home in England, and done better."

"But," he protested, "our clothes—that outfit that cost us so many days and so many pounds, your skis, my skates, our self-respect. We cannot go back. Excelsior! Excelsior!"

And, humming that awful refrain, he pointed towards the distant mountains, on the tops of which were sprinklings of somewhat streaky and not very white-looking snow.

Excelsior, then, it would have to be.

We excelsed *via* Montreux and the Bernese Oberland Railway, as a result of my brief trip across which I now feel satisfied that I have at last a working idea of what the thing is that we call Switzerland. Previously, I have only done my bare duty as a tourist of this amazing country. Once I "did" Lucerne—and the compliment was repaid. Another time, Lugano and I exchanged presences. But never before had I seen the real Switzerland which is, I am assured by everybody here at Mürren, the Winter Switzerland.

Ascent of the Oberland Railway drove all doubt away. If one wanted Winter, and was willing to sit long enough and be pulled high enough, one would find it. As we passed one thousand feet after another, the rain stopped; the snow ceased to be dark and streaky, and was hard and white. The air struck rarer and fresher. Nevertheless, at none of the places passed (among them Les Avants, Château d'Œx, Zweisimmen) were the conditions such as you, Mr. Editor, would make pictures out of. It was Winter within the meaning of the Act; but it was not the winter of your charming pages of photographs.

Mürren, with all its virtues when you get there, is easier said than reached. The Swiss mountain railways are slow—incredibly slow—to move out of their innumerable stations, save when you happen to want them to wait for you. Then, the Swiss train affects the Sud Express style. . . But I wander. Mürren requires reaching. The crawl up the Rotenfluh, in sight of the Jungfrau and the Wetterhorn, is slow, but it is compensated by scenery of enormous grandeur. At Lauterbrünnen one takes the steepest cable railway I have ever ridden in. During its 1,510 yards, I spent most of the *mauvais demi heure* wondering whether, *when* the cable snapped and the car began its headlong dash downward, I should go to my doom sitting still, or whether I should smash the sealed window with my skates and hurl myself on to the precipice. But I am a notoriously nervous person, and I am told that if the cable should snap, the worst that would happen would be a standstill and a walk upstairs (about 10,000 of them, I think) to Mürren.

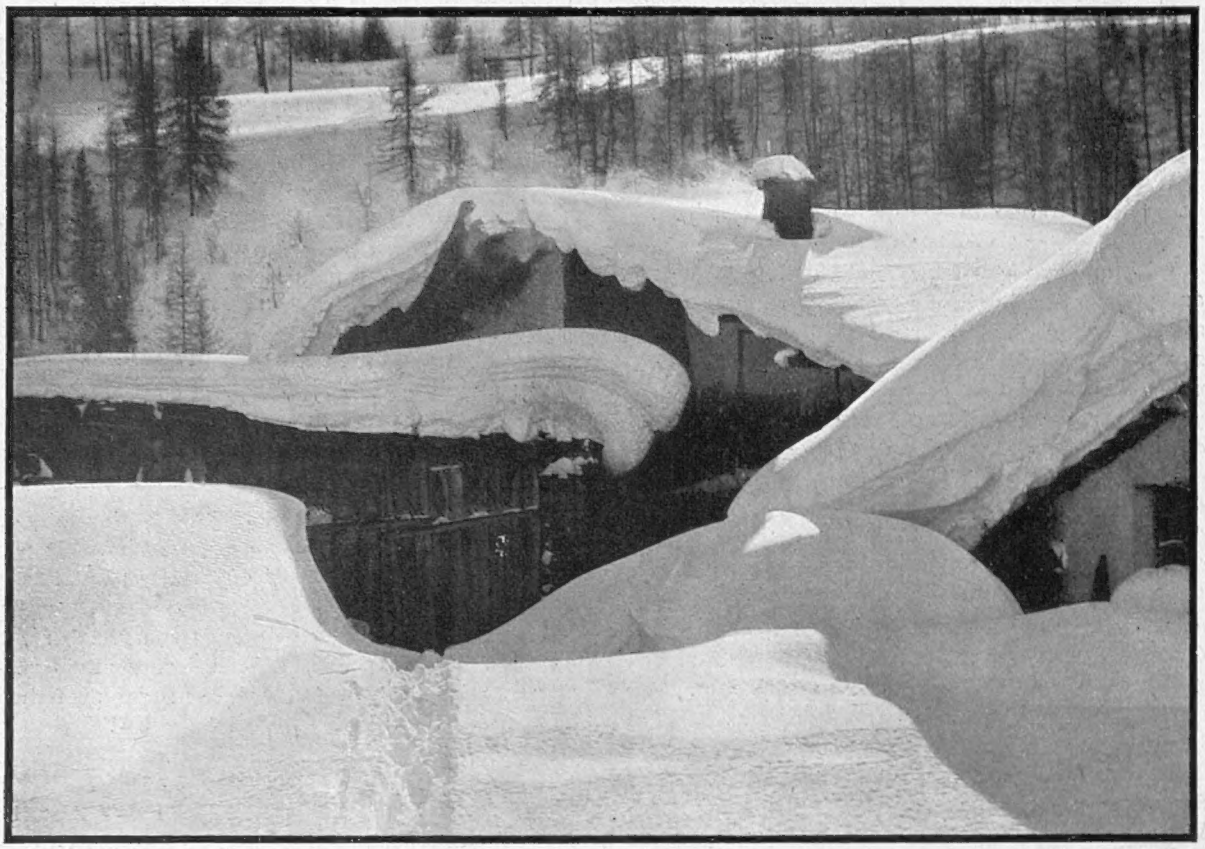
But at this juncture I am pressed to stop writing these notes and to proceed to the middle of a crowded ball-room, there, in company of two ladies and one gentleman, to take part in a game. The moment the man at the piano stops doing his worst (and that is a very bad one) we are all to fall down on the floor. He or she who is first down receives a mark. I have tried it. I did not win, but I received a mark—a black one on my hip-bone. I think if there is any further tumbling required of me by Mürren, it shall be in the proper place—that is on the ice, the ski-slope, or the bobsleigh run. But I must really stop here. Two young noblemen, in evening dress, are conducting a violent fight with large scarlet cushions . . .

To-morrow, I shall proceed to experience those joys which you have prescribed for me, and I promise that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

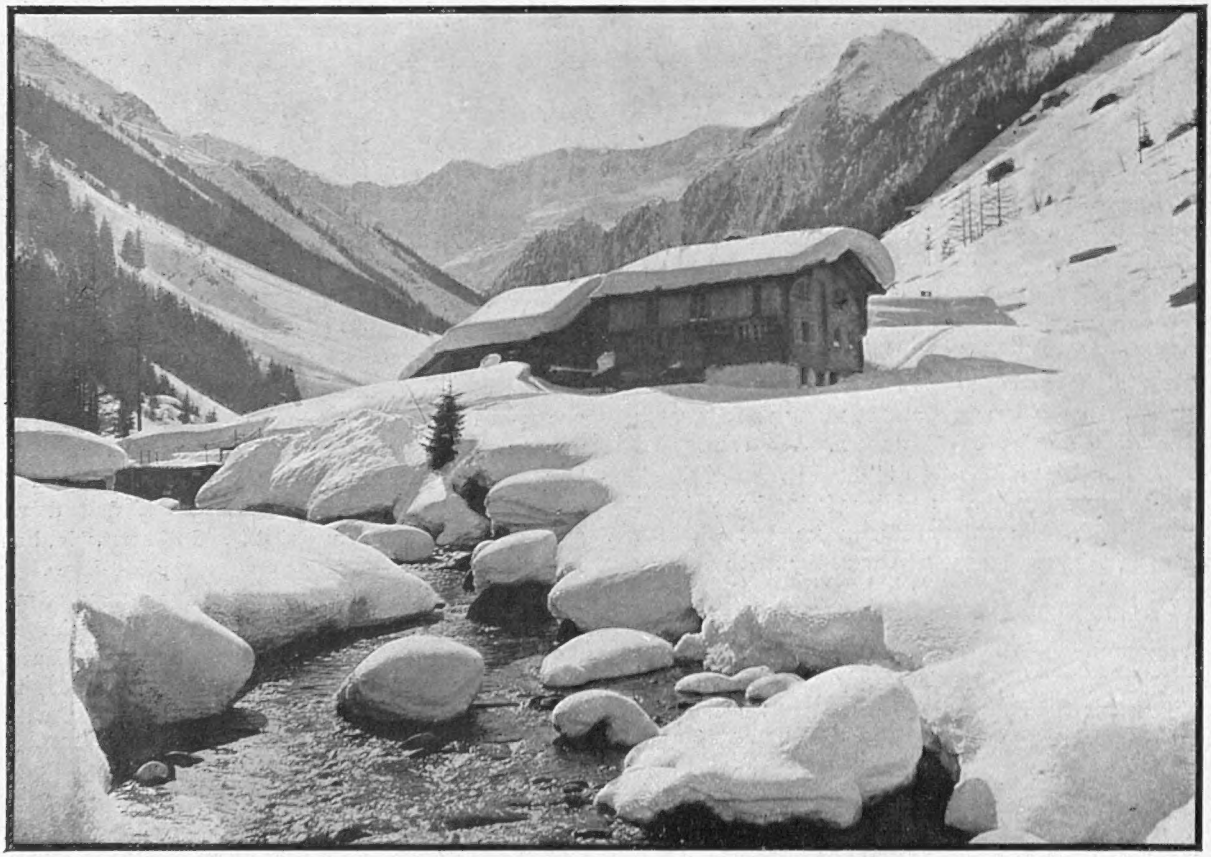
JOURNEYMAN

[*Another article next week*]

Fantastic Snowscapes in the High Engadine



CHALETS HALF BURIED BENEATH THEIR SOFT BURDEN OF SNOW



A LANDSCAPE IN THE HIGH ENGADINE

The magnificent valley known as the Upper Engadine is said to stand without a rival in respect to variety and grandeur of scenery. It is a region of stern mountains, profound gorges, stupendous glaciers, and deep lakes. The climate is severe, but the air is delightfully pure and bracing, and so rarefied and dry that mountains which are an immense distance off seem quite near

Wengen by Night and by Day

THE SKATING RINK AT WENGEN ILLUMINATED FOR A NIGHT CARNIVAL

The rink is surrounded by Chinese lanterns, and also lit by several arc-lamps. The effect is fairy-like when the gaily dressed skaters take the ice

Photographs *Ward Muir*

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WENGEN SKATING RINK FROM THE TERRACE

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Syers, the well-known champion figure-skaters, have now made Wengen their winter headquarters, and Lord Lytton is also constantly seen on the ice here. Wengen, although it has only recently achieved popularity, is one of the best centres for winter sport in the Bernese Oberland

The Social Outlook for 1912

IT is a "lively time" which, *vide* the prophetic almanac-makers, is in store for us during 1912. In what, however, that liveliness is to consist, how it is to be manifested, lies still, apparently, on the knees of the secret gods. For we are given no clue, and on the face of things—so calmly beats the pulse of the world at this moment—a more peaceful, placid, almost monotonous prospect never spread itself.

No Big Functions

But we must wait and see. Meanwhile, socially, and that means commercially too, the 1912 forecast is a good one. It is all to the good—that seems the general opinion—that there is this year no outstanding, dazzling, overwhelming, diplomatic function such as the Coronation included in the social scheme of things. In the first place, the absence thereof will give us time to devote a little attention to things that really badly matter; and in the second, it is true that pageants of such magnitude as the Coronation pall quickly by their very immensity, and are painfully apt to dwarf the littler and cosier efforts of the multitude; while the fatigue consequent upon their successful carrying out leaves both spectator and participator much too cross, too tired, and sometimes too "stoney" to contemplate for a single minute any little pageants on his own.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL
At a meet of the Heythrop Foxhounds at Blenheim Palace, December 23

Political, Social, International

In the year 1912 it is, therefore, with joy that one anticipates nothing of the kind to interfere with that round of pleasure which is the business of the great world, the wild envy of all the myriad lesser ones. Where the social outlook is concerned, never was there more insistence on the necessity of "having a good time," never was luxury at higher pressure, never was entertaining undertaken on so princely a scale. Politically—far be it from me to prophesy on any such slippery subject—but if the Lords' lamb-like passing of the much-maligned Lloyd George Insurance Bill be any earnest of the things to come, then *what* a "session of sweetness," what a quite unholily peaceful time we must be in for. Domestically, true, there *is* prospect of "lively times," once those threepences get on the nerves of mistress and maid; but internationally, it looks as if even that crusted annual, the German Invasion Bogey, must go to the shelf for a bit should the King and Queen pay their talked-of visit to Berlin in the spring, for even that most versatile of men, the Kaiser, could hardly at one and the same time entertain his Imperial cousins in his *Residenz-Staat* and conduct warlike operations in the North Sea.

The Social Awakening

January once over, the social wheel turns again, and with renewed vigour. The return of the Court, back from its astoundingly successful Indian trip, is sure to create a chastened bustle, and on St. Valentine's Day, that sure herald of sociabilities to come—the Opening of Parliament—will be performed by the King in State. The Queen is to accompany His Majesty, also the Prince of Wales ("for experience"), and a few days later the first of the 1912 Courts, a diplomatic and official one, will take place in the ballroom of Buckingham Palace.

The 1912 Courts

At the Lord Chamberlain's office, where these high matters are arranged, the question of how even to *begin* to dispose of the vast number of applications for presentation at their Majesty's 1912 Courts is already the problem of the moment. The year before last no one went to Court as, the Court being in deepest mourning, there were none to go to, and last year hundreds got crowded out owing to the huge Colonial contingent over for the Coronation, who had to have first consideration. Consequently, there are this year nearly three times the usual number clamouring at the gates, overwhelmingly anxious to make their first bow in that Georgian Court which, what with its long mourning, its Coronation, its summer holiday, and its Indian trip, has not yet had time to settle down into the domestic ways expected of it. There is talk of an "overflow" Court, and there may be one, their present Majesties being far more favourably disposed to this idea than to that of lengthening the existing Courts, which are now, by special Royal request, always over well before midnight.

O. M. D.

Wife of the New Lord-in-Waiting

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE LADY LOCH

Whose husband has just been appointed a Lord-in-Waiting to the King. Lady Loch (nee Lady Margaret Compton) is the daughter of the fifth Marquess of Northampton, and has two pretty baby daughters

MR. GEORGE GRAVES
As the King of Mnemonica

Christmas Night's Entertainments

REVIEWED BY "JINGLE"

THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME

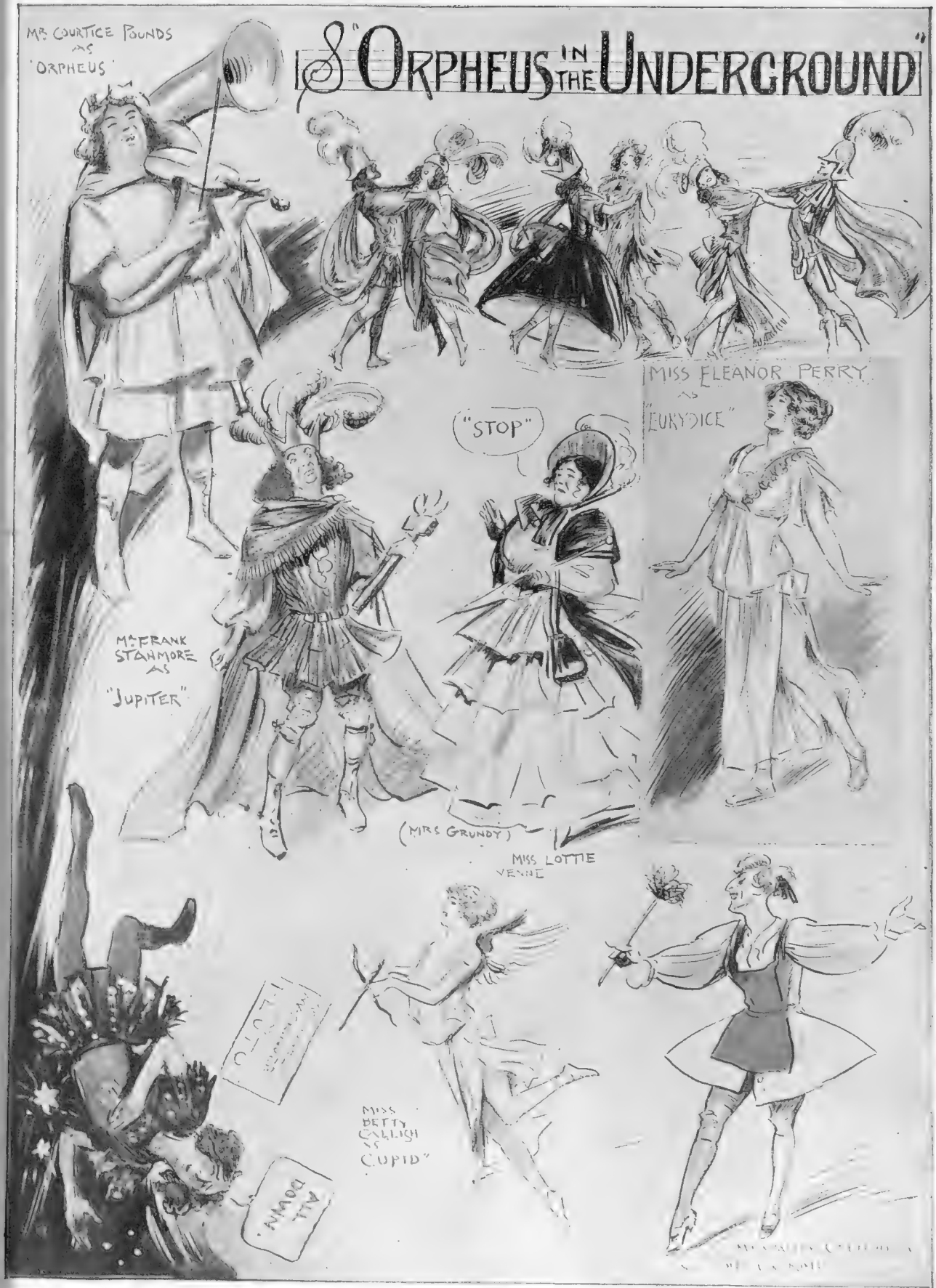
WE were promised some old-fashioned fun in this year's pantomime, and I think it is very likely that that is what we have got. The first scene is reminiscent of an old-fashioned Adelphi melodrama. It represents a woodcutter's hut, and we see Hop-o'-My-Thumb and his brothers moaning that they are so hungry, and crying for bread. Then their good mother comes along with a loaf she has borrowed, and shares it among her children, excusing herself with superb self-denial from partaking of the repast by the stereotyped fiction that she has already eaten. Talk about old-fashioned fun! What? This very pathetic scene is, however, introduced merely to give Hop-o'-My-Thumb an excuse to hide his share of the bread under his pillow, so that he may scatter it later in the shape of crumbs to mark the route by which he and his brothers are taken through the forest. Hop-o'-My-Thumb has a most delightful representative in little Renée Mayer, who dances quite cleverly, and has a full sense of the responsibility of her important part.

The real fun begins in the forest with Mr. Will Evans, who is a distinct acquisition to the humorous side of the pantomine. Mr. Evans is supposed to be a strolling player, and he is suffering from the epidemic of hunger that seems to pervade the first part of this pantomine; for a little later we are introduced to the Ogre, who also is hungry, owing to the fact that his supply of human diet is not arriving with its regular frequency. A very amusing point is scored when Mr. Evans and his companion begin to gobble up the crumbs of bread dropped by Hop-o'-My-Thumb, thus destroying the carefully arranged trail the children have left behind. Another clever scene in this part of the pantomime occurs when Hop-o'-My-Thumb climbs a tree in order to find his bearings. As he climbs higher the trees descend, giving the spectators the illusion that they are climbing as well. It is most happy and effective. The concluding tableau gives us a scene not only of rare beauty, but of striking novelty. It seems that it is the Ogre's plan to turn his surplus victims into marble by way of cold storage, until they are required for the table; and this tableau shows us a garden full of such marble statues, which manage to maintain an appropriate stillness until the time for the dancing begins. A further novelty is the introduction of "living statues" in the Almost Altogether, which are quite artistically represented by the De Serris troupe, all of whom have reason to be proud of their comely physical development. There is a delicate charm about this tableau as a whole, which is quite fascinating, and which also reflects the highest credit on Mr. Arthur Collins and his assistants for their good taste and painstaking care.

Mr. George Graves, the leading humorist of the production, does not appear until the second part of the pantomime; but he loses no time in setting the audience rocking with laughter at the little nonsense which, as the proverb tells us, now and then is relished by the wisest men. His fun is frankly absurd, but it rarely misses its mark. He is the King of Mnemonica, a monarch who is suffering from loss of memory. So much so, in fact, that he strolls into the royal ballroom among his brilliantly attired guests, dressed in hunting costume and carrying a rifle with a battered bayonet on the end of it, which he explains is for the purpose of humanely finishing-off any of his quarry that he may have scotched but not killed. Apart from the scene of the Garden of Statues, which would be

Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*

THE OGRE (MR. FREDERICK ROSS) AND HOP-O'-MY-THUMB (RENÉE MAYER)



Musical comedy at His Majesty's! The new version of Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" is a sort of Olympian musical comedy. It has been wonderfully mounted by Sir Herbert Tree. Sketches by Norman Morrow.

difficult to improve upon, the second half of the pantomime is rather more attractive than the first; but the whole production is characterised by its traditional excellence, and I think the usual annual conclusion is quite justifiable, namely and to wit, that Mr. Arthur Collins has once more Surpassed Himself.

"ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND"

AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

As Miss Lottie Venne very truly observes in the course of her extremely delightful impersonation of Mrs. Grundy, "a fig-leaf for mythology!" Miss Venne easily carries off the honours of the evening with her amusing air of quite unconvincing austerity. Besides, the prologue which she has to speak is the happiest piece of writing

Photographs

Miss Maudie Thornton as Mirabelle at Drury Lane

in the whole production. Mrs. Grundy is there, she tells us, to see that the proprieties are duly observed. Everybody knows what these Olympian gods were like when they were off duty; and we have her assurance that the moment anything of the kind seems to be

Mr. Ernest Langford as Datas, Mr. Barry Lupino as Smilo, and Renée Mayer as Hop at Drury Lane

about to happen she will mercifully switch off the lights. It is a pity that the rest of the play does not fulfil the promise of the prologue in respect of quality; but this defect was inevitable owing to the British constitution.

The story turns on the fate of Eurydice, who, as we all know, was bitten by a snake, and died of the bite, and in due course descended to the under-world. In the present production her descent is supposed to have been due to the fact that Pluto had fallen in love with her, and adopted this means of getting her away from her husband. Some people might think that the administering of a fatal snake bite is a strange way of demonstrating affection; but, whatever may be said of the gods of Olympia, it cannot be denied that they knew their business when it happened to be love-making. Before descending into the under-world with Pluto, Eurydice leaves a message for her husband, in the course of which we are treated to such a strange outbreak of humour as "I have gone to the D—l!" I mean, are we or are we not living in this so-called twentieth century? Orpheus, the husband of Eurydice, is represented by Mr. Courtice Pounds, whose humour and harmony are among the most valuable assets of the production. Orpheus is a most respectable person. He is here shown as a teacher of music under the august patronage of Mrs. Grundy herself. He seems to have been the only monogamist of the lot. Though, as Mrs. Grundy very charitably remarks, gods will be gods!

The music of the production has, of course, stood the test of time, and whatever its merits may be, it is too late to alter them now. The humour, like Mrs. Grundy's attire, is a little mid-

Foulsham and Banfield

Miss Violet Loraine as Hilario at Drury Lane

Victorian; but it is probably well adapted to the *clientèle* of His Majesty's. The costumes are quite magnificent, and the production as a whole is a work of something like genius, which reflects the highest credit on the producer.

JINGLE

A Songstress Who Can Act

MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON: DRAWN BY R. G. MATHEWS

Miss Smithson has scored a triumph in "The Mousmé" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, her beautiful singing and refined acting being of inestimable value to the piece. She is the wife of Mr. Dan Rolyat, the comedian

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

NO one seems to know who was the inventor of gummed stamps. He may have been quite a harmless person, who thought it would be rather fun to get a substitute for pins, or he may have dealt in gum and had a lot of the stuff on his hands that he wanted to get rid of.

* * *

He may have been born in China, or in Scotland, or in some quite ordinary place. It does not matter. The only reason why he occurs to us at this season is, that if he had never existed, the year 1912 would be opening fairly brightly. As it is, of course, we can only hope to get through it somehow.

* * *

I forget how many doctors are in revolt at the present moment. Thousands of them. The ordinary man may think it does not much matter, but wait and see. Doctors never have been in revolt before, and if they take to making processions through London, or holding Albert Hall meetings weekly, or rioting in Downing Street, where shall we be?

* * *

Apart from their absence from their posts, think of the state their nerves will get into if Mr. George goes on irritating them. And if their nerves get into a state, what about our insides? Probably Mr. George has not thought of this. I wonder what he has thought of.

* * *

Let us not begin the year 1912 on a cheerless note. There are things to be thankful for, if we only concentrate our minds upon them. The price of railway travelling has, for example, already been raised on a great many lines, and how happy this should make shareholders.

* * *

Again, the Irish people are expecting something very dear to them—Home Rule. They may not get it—but, then, everybody knows that real pleasure comes from expectation and not from fulfilment. Philosophers have always insisted upon this.

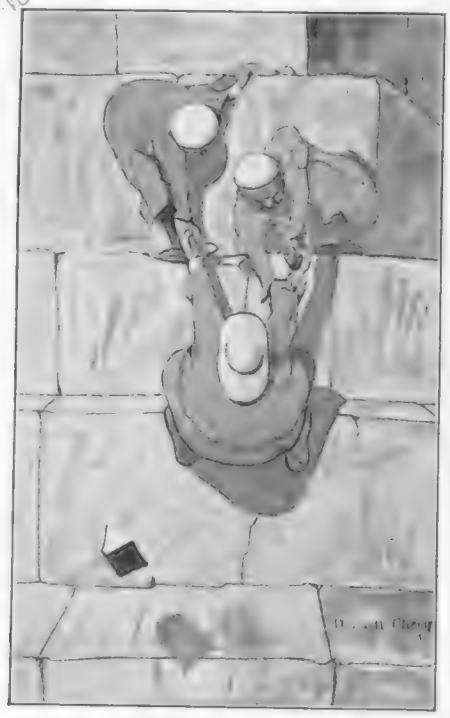
* * *

In Australia, to turn for a moment to our dominions across the seas, the Test Matches are by no means yet finished, so that those who enjoy following cricket by cablegram will have much that is pleasurable to look forward to in this opening year. We don't ourselves. We find it rather dull. But we like other people to have their fun, and we certainly hope that one side or the other will take back the ashes.

* * *

Supremely pleasant is the 1912 thought that we have a new Censor. Not that we disliked Mr. Redford. He—or rather his partner, the Lord Chamberlain—was very amiable, but rather monotonous. Mr. Brookfield should change all that. Mr. Redford says he only censored 1 per cent. of the plays submitted to him, and Mr. Brookfield should easily improve upon that. 75 per cent. should be a minimum. Then the drama might get going. Mr. Brookfield ought, however, to be allowed a small bodyguard, as some playwrights can be very "nasty."

* * *



THE TOURIST IN EGYPT
Helping him up a Pyramid

A contemporary expresses the wish that Mr. Bonar Law would drop the habit of keeping one hand in his pocket when he addresses the Speaker. Our contemporary's idea seems to be that no politician can really expect to get on if he keeps even one hand in his own pocket.

* * *

Every effort is to be made during the forthcoming year to create a better understanding between this country and Germany. It certainly does seem as though there should be some international attempt to cure the German Crown Prince of that cold in the head.

* * *

At Christmas the Kaiser exhorted the soldiers in barracks at Berlin "to think of the barracks as home." It was a warm-hearted, pleasant idea of the Kaiser's, but unless he backed it with an unusually liberal consignment of beer, we cannot believe that the soldiers quite managed to bring off the desired thought.

* * *

We are not going to maintain that there is positively no place in the least like home. Some of the London hotels were very like it at Christmas. A comfortable cell in Wormwood Scrubbs for a certain class of thinkers might seem home-like. But German barracks—no.

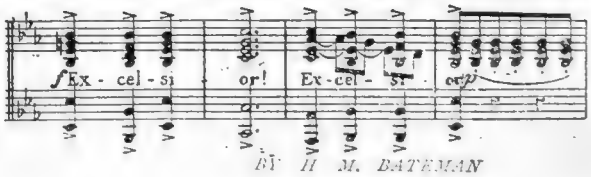
* * *

Theatrical Note (Special to "The Bystander")

We are authorised to announce that *Orpheus in the Underground* will be succeeded at regular intervals by *Telemachus in the Tube, Epaminondas at the Elephant,* and *Clytemnestra at Clapham Junction.*

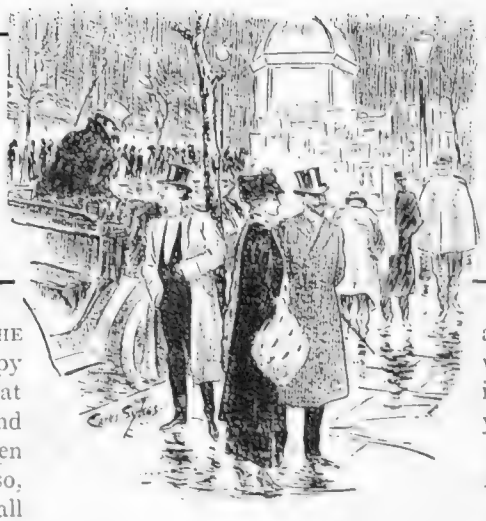
"Excelsior!"

A PAINFUL MEMORY OF MANY SMOKING CONCERTS



BY H. M. BATEMAN

PARIS SHOWS



et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

Happy and Good

And I, too, Readers of The Bystander. Happy and good is what I wish it to you, and if I don't stretch out an open palm and beg while doing so, it is because my fingers are all twisted up with New Year's cramp. You know the kind of cramp I mean by this time, I expect, for your fingers have been hard at work, too, hunting for small coins with which to wipe out the awful look of greed which everyone one meets seems to wear like a mask at this season of the year. And I don't quite know why it is, but I certainly feel that there must be more satisfaction in spending money you can't afford on tips to people who wish you a Merry Christmas than there is in crossing the palms of the folk who wish it to you happy and good in Paris here and allude by their "it" to the New Year.

Him and the Smell

To begin with, the Parisian wishers start so early. It was somewhere back in the beginning of December that I fell a victim to the first of them. Since he called on me I have been frightened to open the door of my flat myself. For my first caller was a big and burly man, whom I did not remember to have seen before. It was only when he explained that he was a sewerman, and was quite used to dogs howling when he approached, that I understood the faintness and craving for five minutes on Dartmoor or any other windy place which had tugged at my heart-strings directly he came in. He apologised for his companion—(yes, I mean the smell)—and explained that people never believed he really was a sewerman unless he took it about with him. So I gave him silver. He noted the fact in a small book, and disappeared to make more victims.

As in London

I know the postman calls for Christmas-boxes in London, but I am sure he is not so business-like about it as the postmen are in Paris. Here three postmen (letters, registereds and wrapper-post) call on you, and insist on presenting you with a little calendar so badly printed that the paper-basket is the only place for it. They wish it to you happy and good, they put you down in their little books, and you find out that those august beings, the postal authorities, are in the conspiracy against your pocket. Because your letters, your registered letters (the "Dear Sir,—Unless——" letters are sent by registered post in Paris so that the recipient cannot deny that he received them), and your newspapers are always a post or two late for the last three weeks of the year. The reason of this is that a large body of postmen are so busy wishing it happy and good that the mails get delayed.

The Sadness of Smiles

And then there is your *concierge*. Your *concierge* in Paris becomes quite polite early in December. By the middle of the month you cannot escape a bow and a smile as you pass in and out of your house. Towards the 20th you have to endure remarks about the weather as well, and from Christmas Day onwards the *concierge* absolutely cringes, and insists on opening your cab door for you, doing errands which you don't want done, and bringing up your tailor's bills all day long instead of leaving letters as letters are usually left until the stairs are lit at night. The only way to escape this politeness is to put two fingers in your waistcoat pocket and to smile the *étrennes* smile. You will see a very good imitation of it in the pictures of Saint Sebastian undergoing the torture or in the old engravings in "Fox's Book of Martyrs." When you have smiled and gold has passed, your *concierge* wishes it to you happy and good, and is peacefully rude again until next year.

Hand-Massage

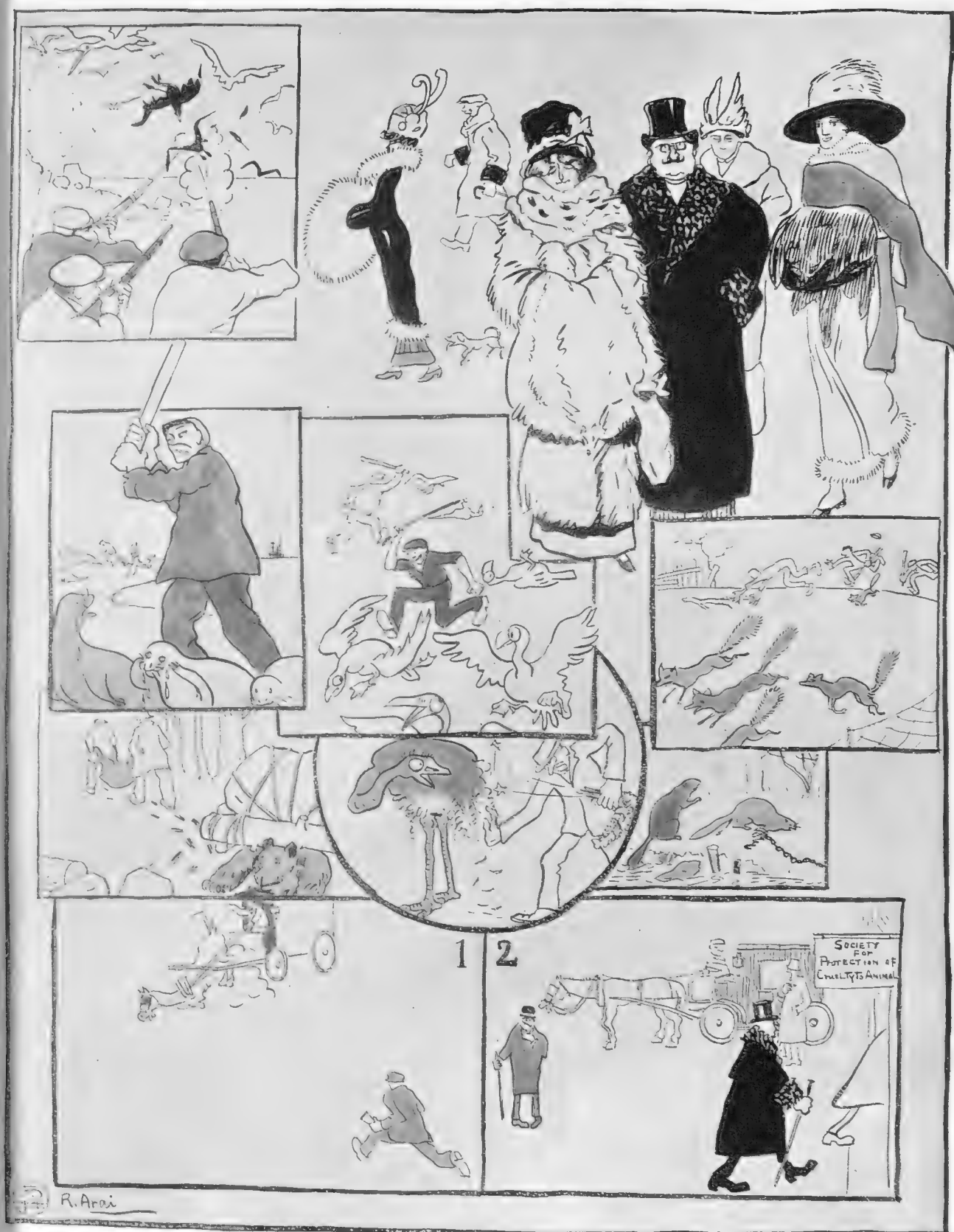
And I don't think that I object to the *étrennes* habit as much as I do to the wishing. You've no idea how the beastly phrase, "*Je vous la souhaite bonne et heureuse*," grows on you here in Paris. I believe that on January 2 President Fallières invariably undergoes a severe course of massage to his right hand. All the French officials of a certain standing call on him on New Year's Day, you see, and Frenchmen always shake hands on every possible occasion with the same praiseworthy persistence that the Swiss show in singing glees. Whenever two Swiss meet in Switzerland, unless it be in a hotel, they sing a part song. Whenever two Frenchmen meet or part they shake hands. And my mind needs as much massage now as President Fallières's hand does at the beginning of each New Year. The happy and good business becomes like the bells in the poem. I woke up, and wished it happy and good to the maid when she brought in the tea this morning. Absence of mind? Yes, of course. It's exactly that which is the trouble.

Happy Fireman!

No, if I have any say as to the part I am to play in my reincarnation I want to be a fireman in a Paris theatre. The Paris actress, bless her, has a superstition that her New Year cannot possibly be happy and good unless she succeeds in kissing a fireman on duty in a theatre at midnight on the last day of the old one. It has to be a real fireman, mind you, not an amateur, and the man has the time of his life. For he is not only kissed by every girl in the play, but all the actresses who are "resting" get seats given them in some theatre on a New Year's Eve, and rush on to the stage at the fall of the curtain to kiss the blushing fireman.

John N. Raphael

Cruelty to Animals: A Japanese Protest



Mr. R. Arai, our Japanese artist, draws our attention to the various methods of slaying animals and birds for human wants. "Only ostrich," he says, "not killed, because if they killed, no more feather grow." The Jap notion of fox-hunting is particularly funny. In the bottom pictures we see (1) an S.P.C.A. inspector going to the rescue of an ill-treated horse, and (2) an S.P.C.A. member wearing furs that can only have been cruelly obtained. "Do and speak so different," says Mr. Arai, who, by the way, in the bottom right-hand picture describes the famous Society "for *Protection* of Cruelty to Animals"

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

GOOD-BYE, CENSOR: THE PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE

Breaking the News

It really is not fair! No, it really just simply is not. I have a weak heart and a tremulous nervous system. In these days we all have. The least shock—as the Lord Chamberlain must know—and the consequences might be too tremendous to consider. For only just do consider! Last night I was attending the performance of a refreshing nightmare, called *The Lower Depths*. An amiable sister had just boiled her sister's feet in a samovar; the lover of the first lady, who also wanted to marry the lady with the boiled feet, had just murdered the husband of the lady who boiled, and there was a tremendous amount of screaming, and we were all feeling good and happy, when someone whispered in my ear, "Mr. Redford has resigned!"

Yesterday—and To-day

But it has not. Now, if the Lord Chamberlain's Department exists for anything at all, it exists to observe precedent and to keep us all calm. But this Lord Chamberlain has done neither the one nor the other. He has appointed Mr. Redford's successor before Mr. Redford departed from the footlights. And he has given us these terrific shocks. All Europe shook when he appointed Mr. Brookfield to run in double harness with the gentleman whose untimely departure we are now all lamenting. For, of course, we are all lamenting Mr. Redford. Yesterday I could have told you the most extraordinary stories against him; epically I could have chanted his inconsistency, his want of taste, his hatred for anything approaching the beginnings of a shadow of a glimmer of the very faintest idea; I could have given you instances of his astounding want of knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. But to-day, I can only think of an amiable gentleman who must have been very bewildered, and who must have had nightmares in which he was being perpetually torn limb from limb by ninety-thousand dramatists with red beards and faces of the devil. Poor Mr. Redford! Can't we all so beautifully imagine him simply not beginning to understand what all the fuss was about!

Nobody Interested

For obviously he could not. And obviously nobody knows and nobody cares two cents. I am perfectly convinced that outside some half-dozen muzzled, or lately muzzled, or about to be muzzled gentlemen there is no one in England who cares one halfpenny about the matter. And the extraordinary thing is that the directors of our great journals think that there is a public for this sort of stuff. There simply is not. I am writing this article extraordinarily against my own will. No one will read it. I had wanted to write about Mr. Bernard Shaw this week, when I received a telegram from the Editor of this journal insisting that I should say something about the Censorship. It is a sort of madness—on the part of the Editor. For the public—the real great public—does not care two cents about the matter. That is the real trouble. The case against the Censor is so overwhelming that there is nothing whatever to be said about it. It reminds me of a problem that I once put when I was a child to a very serious relative of mine—this was the problem: "If a whale sat down upon an oyster, what would happen to the oyster?" My relative replied: "After mature consideration I have arrived at the conclusion that, supposing the whale could sit upon the oyster for long enough to starve it to death, the oyster might die. But a whale, being an air-breathing animal, it must rise to the surface from time to time, so that you may take it that nothing would happen at all." And that is a convincing and satisfying image of this contest in which nobody is interested. The case against the Censor is overwhelming—it is a whale. But the Censor is an oyster.

The Good Cook's Nephew

How could it be otherwise? The six muzzled gentlemen are the finest brains in England of the day; some foreigners are also muzzled, and that is a jolly good thing; so is Sophocles—but who the deuce is Sophocles?—so is Shelley, but Shelley was quite a bad man, who rode about Italy on a donkey with a lady who was not his wife. So the great public yawns. And that is really all that there is to say about it. And that is really all that will ever be done. You see, there was once a Lord Chamberlain who had a remarkably good cook; and the remarkably good cook cooked a remarkably good dinner. (This really is English history.) So the Lord Chamberlain called his cook before him and told his cook that he wanted to do something for him. So the cook said he had a nephew. So the Lord Chamberlain said what could he do for the nephew. So the cook said his nephew would like a place under Government. So the Lord Chamberlain looked through his papers and he found that the office of Censor of Plays was vacant. So he gave the office of Censor of Plays to his cook's nephew.

Mr. Brookfield's Appointment

Now that is the right down proper English spirit in which to regard this matter, and really, when you come to regard the appointment of Mr. Charles Brookfield in that spirit, you see how extraordinarily appropriate and right the appointment was. Of course, Mr. Brookfield is not physically a cook's nephew, but spiritually I should say that he was. He has even himself cooked up a number of good stories that, without doubt, tickle the palate of the Lord Chamberlain to-day, whoever he is. Quite

good stories, some of them. There is one that he tells about how he gave a fire-insurance inspector half a magnum of champagne, and of how the insurance inspector awarded him compensation for a bath-mat as if it had been a Turkey carpet—why, that story I tell myself frequently with great success. So that I am quite grateful to Mr. Brookfield, and if there were any job I could give him I certainly would. So it probably was with the Lord Chamberlain. Then there is "*Dear old Charlie.*"

"Dear Old Charlie"

"*Dear old Charlie*" remains in my mind——. I can't really in the least remember the play, except that it is vaguely present as the most consummate piece of fumbling indecency that I have ever seen, even on the English stage—but it remains in my mind because, to my astonishment, when, veiled to the eyes, and cloaked and muffled so as to avoid observation, I shambled into the pit, I ran against the most erudite gentleman in England. At least, he was then the second most erudite gentleman in England, for Dr. Garnett was then alive. But now that Dr. Garnett is dead, he is the most erudite gentleman in England. And this gentleman was sitting at my side last night when the resignation of Mr. Redford was whispered in my ear. Now, this is a very odd coincidence, and what is still odder is that at that performance of "*Dear old Charlie*" I observed, cloaked and muffled like myself, a large number of my most intimate friends—the really great brains of the kingdom. And it was just about the same audience that witnessed *The Lower Depths* last night. Now, is not that odd? And doesn't it, perhaps, account for Mr. Brookfield's appointment? For can't we imagine a good, muddled Lord Chamberlain saying that he can't for the life of him make out what the Intellectuals are clamouring about. Then he says to himself, "By Jove! What they want is to have indecent passages on the stage. Then dear old Charlie Brookfield is the very man for them!" And so he really is.

The Arrival of the Millennium

I don't think Mr. Brookfield can do any harm, for, if you will give yourself the pleasure of reading his really extraordinary article on "The English Stage" that appeared in one of the monthlies, you will see that Mr. Brookfield has never been anywhere near a modern play of any intellectual calibre whatever. And this means to say that he simply won't be able to read any MS. with the beginnings of an idea in it. He won't be able to; and so he will just have to pass all these plays. And so the millennium has arrived when the whale and "*Dear old Charlie*" can lie down together.

The Best Writers

This is rather nonsensical writing; but the whole matter really is too silly. Half the best writers in England have half their power taken from them by this imbecility; the other half of the best writers in England (this was given in evidence before the Royal Commission) are gentlemen of spirit, and refuse to write for an institution that is controlled by the physical or spiritual nephew of a cook. And is it not disgusting? And is it not sickening? And does the public care a rap? No, it is immovable and irremediable. So there is nothing more to be done, and nothing more to be said. And let us have "*Dear old Charlie*" revived.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN A GERMAN BIER-HALL: BY NORMAN MORROW

PARIS
10 RUE DE LA PAIX

NEW YORK
398 FIFTH AVENUE

TECLA

LONDON
7 OLD BOND STREET

NICE
16 AVENUE MASSÉNA

VIENNA
2 KÄRNTHNERSTRASSE

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS

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1812 *The Centenary of* 1912

HER TRAGIC TRIUMPH

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF MOSCOW

An Impression of Modern Moscow

BY F. G. AFLALO

[In view of the centenary of that fateful year 1812, which, for Napoleon, then at the zenith of his splendour, was the beginning of the end, THE BYSTANDER *publishes an interesting impression of the Kremlin, which is to Russia what St. Peter's is to Rome, or Santiago di Compostella to Spain. Who shall say how the political map of Europe might have been coloured to-day had Napoleon either foregone his scheme of invasion while he lay at Dresden, or even had he pressed his advantage at Borodino? As it was, he, the Conqueror, reckoned only on success. Failure had no place in his calculations, so that the evacuation of Moscow by the enemy and the Tsar's refusal to negotiate found him unprepared, and his retreat was as disastrous as that of the Young Pretender from Derby. Englishmen will do well to remember that the Russian campaign arose out of Alexander's refusal to endorse Napoleon's vindictive policy for the humiliation of Great Britain. At the present time, when all three nations have buried old differences and drawn closer together, this is a pleasing memory.]*

THE Kremlin—the name dates from the fourteenth century, and no one knows its meaning—is the most gorgeous heap of mixed architecture, Byzantine, Italian, and what not, out of the East. Flinging back the sunshine of a cloudless sky, spangled with the frost of late November, it sparkles over the surrounding plain like the diadem with which the Tsar of all the Russias crowns himself in its most venerable church. The sight of it grips you like that of Constantinople in a summer's dawn or Naples Bay by moonlight, one of those glimpses indelibly photographed on the wanderer's heart. Its domes and cupolas recall Damascus, Bagdad, and other cities of the Orient. As revealed by a *coup d'œil* from the top of the Tower of John the Great, it suggests not so much a city as a collection of designs for one. It might be the contents of a tumbled casket of jewels.

A BELL THAT HAS NEVER BEEN HUNG

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. It measures nearly 68ft. round at the bottom and is more than 21ft. high. The bell has never been hung, as no tower can be built to support it

The Kremlin must have looked much the same to the Great Devourer, who, on a pretext as flimsy as ever eased a War Lord's conscience, flung his veterans across the Niemen and marched them into Russia's Holy of Holies, only to find it fired by the hands of those that loved it in a conflagration from which the Kremlin alone was saved. He had entered on that fatal campaign in a spirit of lassitude in strange contrast to his earlier fire, and it was marked throughout by wanton waste, by criminal indifference to his

MOSCOW ENTERS THE HUNDREDTH YA

A PANORAMA OF KREM
The Kremlin is an enclosure surrounded by walls, crowned by eighteen vers
religious buildings, is the most ed spe

A FINE GENERAL EW
Showing the pa thin

Moscow, formerly the capital of Russia, and still venera s suc
in the public eye in 1912, if only on account of the fact it is
of Parliament at the invitation of the Russian Duma. Year
1812, which calamity was occasioned by the patriotic act s ow
the French. Moscow is now one of the most beaut ies i
Asiatic and half European. There will be noticed a resence—
and that of London at the ames

THE USPENSKI CATHEDRAL

Superbly decorated with mosaics and jewelled ornaments

R OF HER VICTORY OVER NAPOLEON

REMLIN AT MOSCOW
ers and pierced by five gates. This enclosure, containing many notable
spot in all the Russian Empire

W OF MOSCOW
in the Kremlin

such by the Russian peasantry, should be much
is to be visited by a body of British Members
ar will also see the centenary of its burning in
own inhabitants to save it from Napoleon and
es in the world, although the architecture is half
ce—slight, but oh, so distant—between the view
nes Embankment

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL

"A nightmare in stone," with fantastic towers

army's agonies, by obstinate mismanagement, and by incapacity. Deaf to the entreaties of his staff, as exhausted by Borodino as the enemy, he pushed on to the dreadful end, till there remained only that inglorious retreat in which the Grand Army tottered to its fall.

Who shall know the rage that seethed behind that inscrutable mask as he gazed from the top of the Sparrows Mountain on the burning prize rescued from his grasp, or when, later in the day, he had a closer view from the belfry of John the Great, from which one looks down on the Red Square, where former Tsars used to watch their prisoners tortured, and where the Great Duke Serge was blown to atoms?

As you enter the Kremlin, walking or driving under the Sacred Gate of the Saviour, and uncovering before the image overhead, Palladium of the Kremlin, you feel conscious of leaving the twentieth century behind and of living in that far-away Moscow that repulsed Mongol, Pole, and Tartar—Mother Moscow, Holy of Holies, source of all Slav inspiration.

Descending the Tower of John, a little out of breath, but infinitely intrigued by the glory of his vision, the visitor next enters the Church of the Assumption, in the grandiose interior of which the Tsars crown themselves, and where also Napoleon stabled his horses. The Tsar enters this sacred fane by way of the Red Staircase, on the steps of which Ivan, justly called the Terrible, received Vassily Chibanov on behalf of the exiled Prince Kourbsky, and, thrusting the iron ferrule of his staff through the unfortunate envoy's foot, lent heavily on it while listening to his message.

The Kremlin is the one supremely beautiful work of man in European Russia, but Moscow has other things to show its visitors. There is the Tretiakov Gallery, with its hideously attractive war pictures by Verestchagin, who might have painted a masterpiece of the scene he died in, and its more soothing sea pieces by a famous artist of Odessa, in which the weeds and pebbles show clearly through the translucent wavelets of the Euxine.

There is the busy Loubiansky quarter, from which electric cars radiate in every direction. It is well that the tramway service of Moscow, far superior to that of the northern capital, is so admirable, for most of the streets are so vilely paved that the *droschke*, none too well horsed, is a penalty, and taxis are unknown.

THE TVERSKY CHAPEL AT MOSCOW

Where extraordinary miracles are reported to have been performed. All Russia is talking of the miracles which are being daily performed at the Tversky Chapel, in Moscow. According to the "Slovo," patients suffering from divers complaints have been cured absolutely by their faith in the healing powers of certain ikons contained in this celebrated place of pilgrimage

Then, when the eye is sated, there is the famous Hermitage to sooth another sense. Here, served by waiters in immaculate white pyjamas, the visitor may eat of *Rastigai* and other famous national dishes, washed down with the rough, exhilarating wines of the Caucasus, or with more mellow vintages of the West.

Such is Moscow, risen like a Phœnix from the Flames. To the pious Russian, him whom I have seen bathing reverently in the Jordan, it is the holiest spot in the Empire, and many cherish the hope that it will once more be the capital long after the gloomy parvenu in the north shall have sunk back into its native swamps. Meanwhile the parvenu laughs at the old order, and above all at Moscow's Giant Cannon that has never fired and at the Great Bell that was never rung. The bell weighs two hundred tons, and the fragment which broke off a hundred and seventy-five years ago, as it was being lifted into place, weighs eleven. It is called the Tsar of all the Bells. There are disaffected Russians who see grim significance in the title.

F. G. Aflalo

THE FAMOUS CONVENT OF NOVO-DEVICHI

Once a refuge for Tsaritsas who renounced the world. It suffered little from the approach of the French in 1812. There are six churches within the Convent

Russian Horses in Harness

A SAGNIA LOADED WITH ICE

Those who have seen the fast trotter shown in this country by Messrs. Louis and Walter Winans know something of the mettle of Russian horses, for the trotting horse originated with the famous Orloff breed. Russia is, in fact, a land of horses and horsemen. No soldiers in the world ride more superbly than the Steppe Cossacks, and even in the cities mechanical traction has by no means superseded the horse as in some capitals further south. Whatever the harness, whether single or, as in the well-known troika, three-horsed, we always find the horseshoe-shaped leather arrangement over the neck. It carries a rein and often a bell, the original purpose of which was to keep evil spirits away, and it seems an indispensable item of the outfit

A WINTER SLEDGE

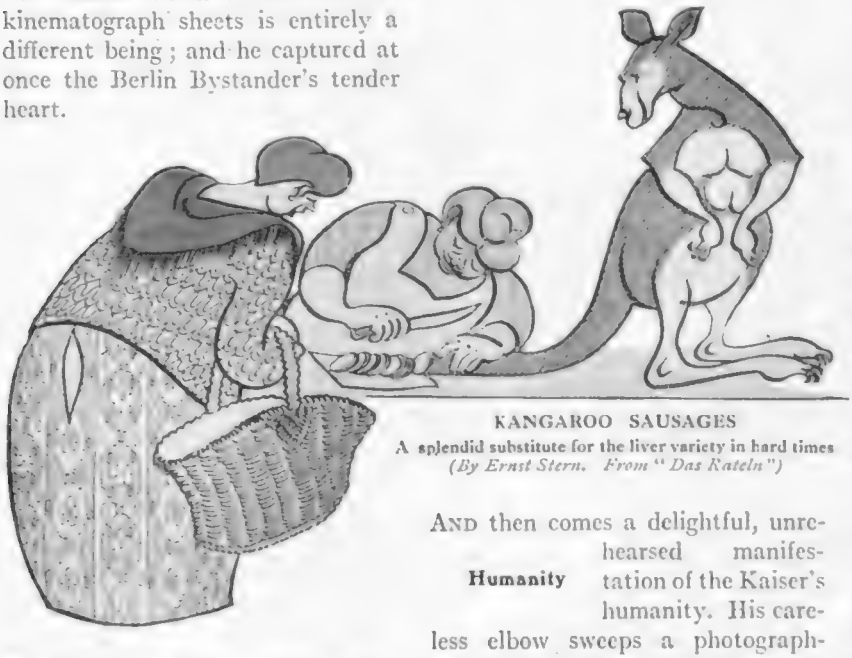
A WINTER TROIKA: A THREE-HORSED SLEDGE

The Bystander in Berlin

THE KINEMATOGRAPH-KAISER

In the Pictures

The Berlin Bystander used to dislike the Kaiser and the kinematograph. After seeing the former in the latter he is reconciled to both. The kinematograph-Kaiser stands far above the real-life Kaiser. The latter tears daily down Unter den Linden in a yellow motor-car, heralded by an apocalyptic trumpeting which other motorists are *polizeilich verboten* to imitate. He looks stern, Kaiserly, and un-human. The Kaiser shown to Berliners on kinematograph sheets is entirely a different being; and he captured at once the Berlin Bystander's tender heart.



KANGAROO SAUSAGES
A splendid substitute for the liver variety in hard times
(By Ernst Stern. From "Das Kateln")

Everything Forgiven

The Kaiser has that most human and admirable of mortal instincts, the instinct of pose. The moment the kinematograph lens opens its inquisitorial eye upon the Kaiser, the Kaiser "looks pleasant, please." An expansive, self-conscious kindliness irradiates him. And that is why, when he appears on the kinematograph sheet, Socialists forget that he wants to shoot them, Secessionists that he called their pictures "gutter," and even the Berlin Bystander that he wants to conquer defenceless England.

An Eye on the Camera

The kinematograph has shown the Berlin Bystander how the Kaiser takes a rest on the lands of Prince Esterhazy, somewhere near the bloody Hungarian battlefield of Mohacs. The Kaiser wears Tyrolean garb; a cock's feather twitches coquettishly in his green hat; and he distributes presents to Esterhazy's black-eyed peasant-maids. Judged by their robes, these maids have come from the Vienna Court Opera. The Kaiser, with ridiculous kinematograph rapidity, hands round the gifts; and every moment glances aside to see if the kinematograph is working. You can see that he is keenly interested in the films proving a success.

Humanity

And then comes a delightful, unrehearsed manifestation of the Kaiser's humanity. His careless elbow sweeps a photograph-frame on the ground. An Esterhazy peasant-girl, with a headdress like a flowering magnolia, flies to pick it up. The chivalrous Kaiser looks to see if the kino. is working, and, reassured on this point, picks up the frame himself, and hands it to the magnolia-girl with a Spanish marquis's bow. The grateful maid rushes to kiss his hand. The Kaiser looks again at the kinematograph, and—kisses her fat hand instead. Then he straightens his back, slaps his thigh in boy-hero's style, and looks at the kinematograph man as much as to say: "Develop this film with care. The subject is first-rate."

In Norway

And next you see the kinematograph-Kaiser enjoying his Norwegian tour. Everywhere the same effervescent humanity. The kinematograph-Kaiser walks the *Hohenzollern's* deck, arm-and-arm with a junior officer; he wears an arch school-boyish look, and carries a spy-glass. Germany's Consul at Bergen is announced, a venerable gentleman resembling Walt Whitman, in a Hyperborean silk hat. The Kaiser shakes the Consul's hand, pins an Order on his coat, slaps his back familiarly, and roars with laughter. Then he looks aside towards the kinematograph; and his expression says quite plainly, "Now, my affectionate subjects will see that I am really human."

Pig-Sticking—

And next you see the Kaiser kissing a Burgermeister's straw-haired daughter down Marburg way. Or you see him killing a kinematograph-boar. The boar is nearly dead. Four voracious hounds are tearing its flanks; and three podgy huntsmen in Tyrolean dress have seized its legs and tail in order to prevent it goring the Kaiser. The Kaiser draws a hunting-knife, which looks like a sword, and plunges it intrepidly into the boar's heart. Hardly have you begun to make insular remarks about inhuman German sport when you are forced to retract them. The Kaiser lifts his head, slaps his thigh, looks irresistibly into the kinematograph lens, and wins back your heart.

—And the Result

And you correct your first hasty impression that this is all, all pose. Part of it is pose. There is no denying that the Kaiser in all his acts is conscious of the kinematograph's presence; and that that is why he slaps his thigh, stands so supernaturally erect, and gives his moustache that final rakish twist. But when you see the kinematograph-Kaiser's merry, sunburnt face, and catch his boy-hero's glance towards the kinematograph-man, you are convinced that there is something more than pose. The Kaiser is enjoying life; he is human, mortal, vain, fallible, alive; he likes people, and actions, and things. And you are convinced that he is quite the right kind of Kaiser.

The House of Kara-Georgevitch

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE MONARCHS OF SERVIA

Photographs

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF SERVIA

Second son of the King, and heir to the throne, the eldest son, George, having renounced his rights

C. Chusseau-Flaviens

KING PETER OF SERVIA

Born in 1844. His Majesty has ruled in Servia since June, 1903, after the abrupt extinction of the Obrenovitch dynasty

Photographed on the occasion of their visit to Paris (exclusive to "The Bystander")

Reinhardt's "THE MIRACLE" Triumph AT OLYMPIA

THE NUN (NATACHA TROUHANOWA) AND THE SPIELMANN (MAX PALLENBERG) IN "THE MIRACLE"

There are a good many soulless people in London, and a few of them managed to get into Olympia at the first performance of *The Miracle*. They revealed their presence by clapping their hands together at the conclusion of each scene. Doubtless the same people would cheer in front of a painting by Rubens. *The Miracle* is an intensely beautiful work of art. It is so pathetically beautiful that it brings tears to one's eyes. The majesty of its movement is sensational. In London of late years we have had a surfeit of real life pageants. This play at Olympia impresses on us the superiority of Art to Nature.

We are in a cathedral. It is easy to imagine that we are seated among the worshippers. The nuns are chanting "*Sancta Maria—Mater Dei—Ora Pro Nobis.*" The soft yellow light from the great lamps caresses the gratefully coloured habits of the kneeling sisters. I think I can smell incense; but that may be because the rest of the illusion is so good. The organ is playing softly. "*Sancta Maria—Mater Dei.*" In the centre is the miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin. Into the cathedral come the faithful, to the number of many hundreds. Among them are the crippled, the maimed, and the palsied, seeking cure of their ills. I cannot write of the crowd. The greatest word-painter could not suggest the wonder of it. The singing is tensely thrilling. The colouring of the costumes is entrancingly sensuous. We are out of the world of cold and rain, grime and asphalte, exalted to another sphere—where Beauty is goddess and Art supreme.

A cripple is cured. (Who is this wonderful actor?) From the mighty crowd there leaps a cry, so true, so moving that the tears gush from our eyes.

The crowd—that wonderful congregation of sincere artists—disperses. Only one nun—the new sacristan—is left. She is a lissom, beautiful thing. She kneels at the foot of the statue praying for God's aid in her sacred trust. She is in gloom—gloom yellowly lamp-lit. And then—oh miracle! The great doors of the cathedral glide apart. One thinks of Gordon Craig and all that he knows and that Reinhardt has forgotten. A scene of sunlight. A wondrous tree and lush green grass. Into the sun-eddy dances a little red man. Have you seen Watteau's picture of a troubadour in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg? Here he is—come to life. Seen from so far he is a dwarf, a blood-red dwarf. You can span him with your hand. He dances—dances. You know that actors act with their voices, their faces, their hands. Here is a man who can act with his legs. (Max Pallenberg is his name). He dances—dances. Behind him appears a brave knight, all silver in his armour. The little red man is evil. And he is pretty. The evil is often pretty. And there is the knight, so strong, so splendid—for the radiant young nun.

Into the cathedral the red gnome dances—and the knight, magnificent, strides behind. Temptation. The nun writhes at the Madonna's feet. In a flash one absorbs the tragedy of womanhood. Oh, for pity. Nearer comes the knight. Nearer, nearer. Listen to the troubadour's music of temptation. Clothes are falling. The habit of the nun is at the Madonna's feet. She is in the knight's arms. Look at the legs of the troubadour. How they glory in the dreadful triumph of evil. The knight has lifted the nun. They are going—going from the purity of the cloister into the filth of the world. And there is distant music which tortures the soul.

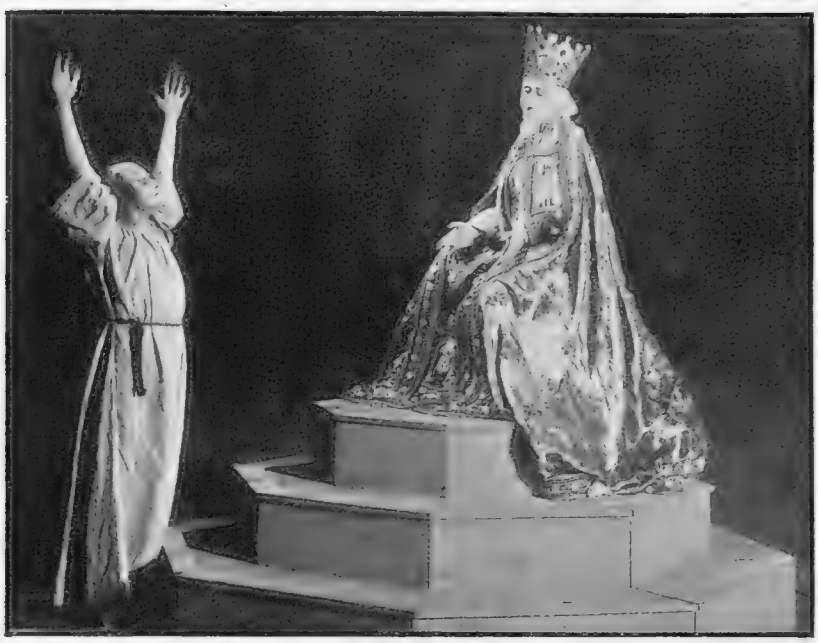
The cathedral is empty, heart-achingly empty. Suddenly a movement! Where? The statue. The statue is coming to life. The Mother of Sorrows has risen from her throne. She—oh wondrous, beautiful she—is putting aside her crown and jewelled robe. A young girl is before us. The Madonna of Botticelli has come to life. The silence in the great amphitheatre is almost unbearable. In simple white she stands before her throne. Then, in sweet humility, she adopts the habit of the erring nun, and kneels before the throne that once was hers. A silence. The nuns are returning, in long procession. It has almost passed. Suddenly the tremendous absence is noticed. A mighty cry of agony. The Madonna has gone! Who is this figure kneeling? Surely none but the sacristan nun entrusted with guarding the image. Upraised fists, a frenzy of women. The kneeling figure is on her feet and buried in the crowd. The Blessed Virgin herself—to be torn to death. . . . What comes? Transfiguration! The living statue rises above the heads of the sisters, whose bodies sink in profound reverence in an ethereal hush.

What is to follow? We are shown the life of the nun in the vicious, bloody world. Can I describe it? The pen stumbles. There are some works of art that it is sacrilegious even to discuss. Let it suffice to say that the nun's worldly agony ends in peace, in a return to her order and the beautiful cathedral from which she foolishly departed.

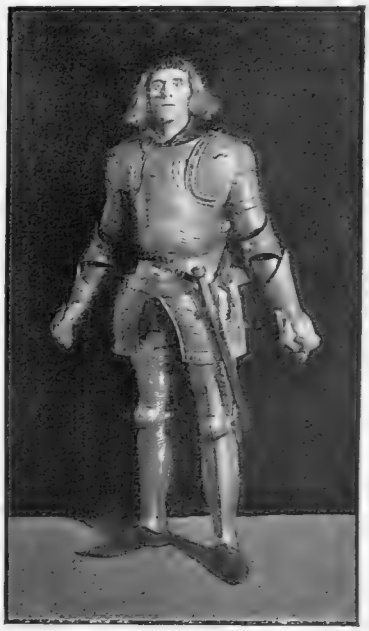
Max Reinhardt, you who gave us this, Karl Vollmoeller, you who conceived it, Engelbert Humperdinck, you who decorated it with great music, Ernst Stern, you who have conquered colour, Natacha Trouhanowa, you who played the Nun, Maria Carmi, you who played the Madonna, Max Pallenberg, you who played that evil troubadour—take an Englishman's heartful thanks. I cannot write what I think of your art. There are thoughts that defy expression.

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Some of the Artists in "The Miracle"



THE CRIPPLE CURED BY THE MIRACULOUS STATUE OF THE MADONNA (MARIA CARMI)



THE KNIGHT, THE NUN'S LOVER (MR. DOUGLAS PAYNE)

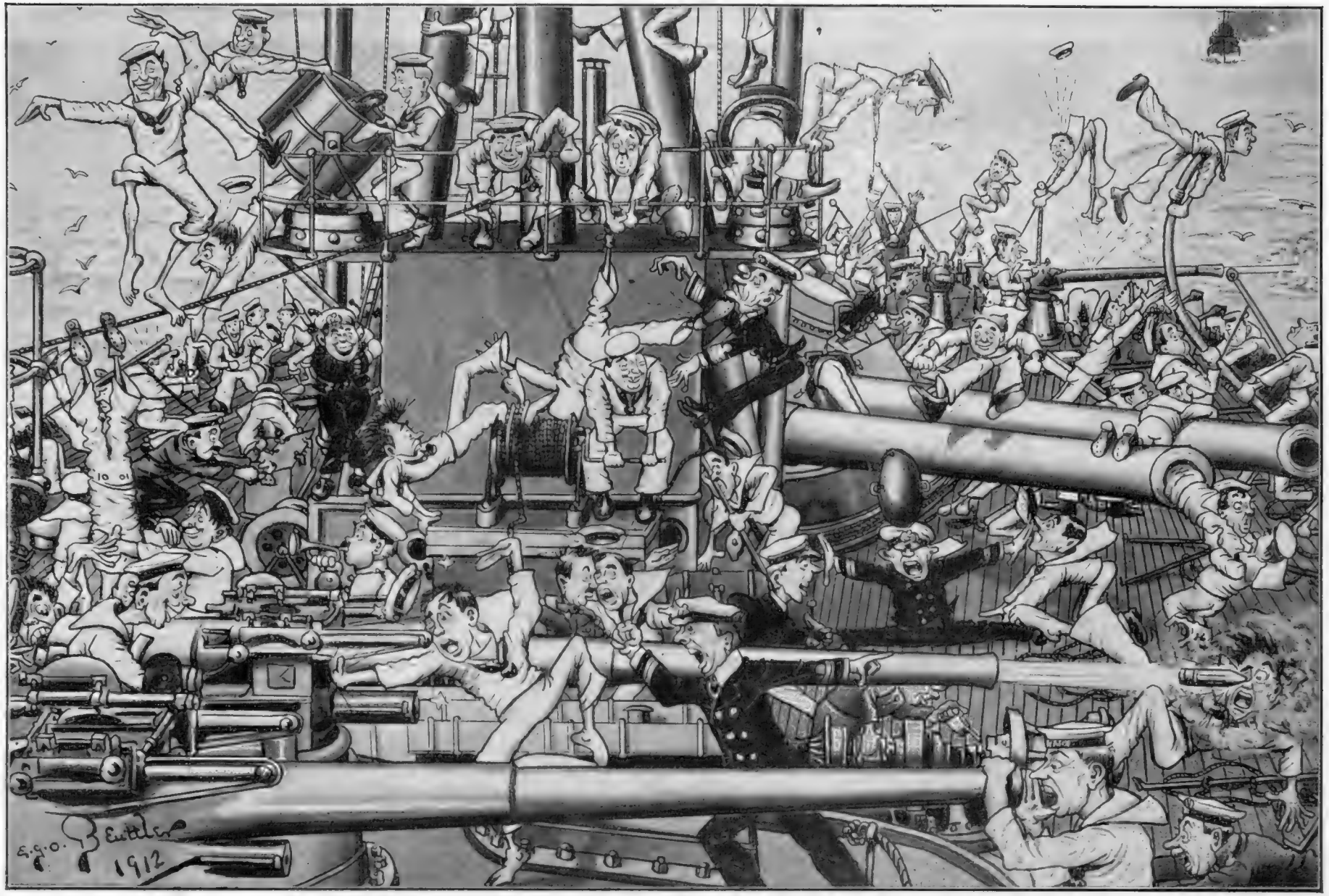
THE SPIELMANN, THE NUN'S EVIL GENIUS (MAX PALLENBERG)

THE OLD KING (J. H. IRVINE)

THE ABBESS (FRANCISCA DÜHNE)

On the opposite page Reinhardt's wonderful production at Olympia is reviewed. Our camera portraits of the principals, one and all great artists, are by E. O. Hoppé, F.R.P.S.

Is Our Navy in a Hopeless State of Confusion?



CLEARING DECKS FOR BATTLE—A FEARFUL FORECAST OF THE REALITY. BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

GROWN-UPS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

(All rights strictly reserved)

IF you come to think of it, the children are eternally right when they make-believe. We do it ourselves all through life, only with toys that are more elaborate, more expensive, and infinitely less simple.

In an age when marriage is so much more of a social contract, and so little of a sacrament, one must make-believe with love. And that is the favourite game which the grown-ups play. It never becomes half so real as Red Indians. There is not in it that exhilarating sensation as when you hunt bears in the Alleghany Mountains and the grizzly beast crawls out of a canyon from under the nursery table with his awful hearthrug-skin bristling with anger. It is not fraught with such danger as when you set forth in a boat to discover that river which sweeps through the bowels of the earth into a country inhabited by men and women whose skins are blue.

The make-belief of love, as the grown-ups play it, has no such thrilling adventures as these, but it is make-believe nevertheless, and married people who have entered into the social contract with those whom they have scarcely ever regarded with the eye of love, play it until they are old and tired.

There were two who played at it once, and with such issue to their make-believe as I shall set about to tell you. He had married and she had married. Her husband went his own way, which concerns us not at all in this story, his wife had endeavoured to win his affections, but through jealousy had lost them. They were both disconsolate, children without playmates, when one day they met.

These meetings are much as those when children, passing through Kensington Gardens in the unyielding hands of their nurses, just glance at each other, approve, and then are dragged away. Another morning, and they meet again. For a moment they slip from their nurses' grasp, and a word is spoken.

"Hullo," says one.

"Hullo," says the other.

For the time being that is all. But there comes a day when their nurses are gossiping. It is then that they slip away behind the trees which circuit the Round Pond, and there they play their make-believe.

So did these two meet, she with her nurse, he with his; both held in an unyielding grasp. They found each other's eyes as they passed by. In each of them was that same glance of approval, which is the beginning of the playing of all games. You may call it the cry of sex, but it is little more than that need of companionship between two people in a lonely world. What there may be of sex comes later. Nature is never importunate.

Later on they met again and spoke, spoke of nothing — little more than the "Hullo" of one and the "Hullo" of the other. The greatest of games begin in such silly ways as these.

It came in time that they met alone in Kensington Gardens too. And when they play their games of love in Kensington Gardens, the grown-ups sit about on penny chairs under the trees. You may see them, as many as the babies there, you may see them in their hundreds. They grow under every tree like mushrooms.

And late into the evening they sit sometimes till that dismal bell begins its tolling and the far-off cry, "All out—all out!" drives them like Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden.

They sat about on penny chairs under the chestnut trees, these two, and he told her the most wonderful stories in the world. It is not really so fascinating a game to watch as a circus in the long grass, or a pirate cutter sent forth upon the waters of the Round Pond, yet you will scarcely find one passer-by whose eye does not turn into the corner to watch them as he saunters past.

"If we had met just three years ago," he told her one day—and this is one of the thousand ways the game of make-believe is begun—"if we had met just three years ago, I wonder what we should have thought of each other then?"

She looked at him quickly—as quickly looked away. They had been discussing the future of China in the Far East, the likelihood of an amalgamation of East and West, its possible effects upon modern civilisation, but more especially the changes it might bring about in the Christian religion. And then he said that.

"If we had met just three years ago, I wonder what we should have thought of each other then?"

It had so much bearing upon the political situation in the Far East! That is why, in this game, it is called the—lightning gambit. No wonder she looked at him quickly—no wonder she quickly looked away.

They went far into the game that day. He played it so well that she sat there silently upon her penny chair, staring down with troubled eyes into the grass beneath the chestnut tree, and her little heart was beating like a bird in a cage. It longed to be free. But there was no freedom for either of them.

It came at last that they believed they had met before, and, though he was a Roman Catholic and she was a Protestant, all difficulties had readily been overcome. Though the obstacles in the way of a Roman Catholic man marrying a Protestant woman are almost insurmountable—for the Roman Church

declares that in matters of religion the woman has the greater influence of the two—yet he had easily surmounted them. A dispensation had been granted by the Pope. They were wed in a little Catholic chapel where all candles were put out, for the Church will not give its light upon such marriages as these.

Such realism as this is not difficult to introduce into the game, for it matters not one jot or tittle of the issue in hand.

"I think we might have the candles," she objected.

"They never do," said he.

"No—but it's such an insult."

"Oh, they don't mean it like that," said he. "Besides, it's what would really happen."

"But I'm allowing that we're not married in a Protestant church," said she. "I think we might have the candles."

"They never do," said he. "Of course, it doesn't really matter. Only it's what would really happen."

She succumbed at last to realism, and the candles were blown out.

"It makes it seem as if they were ashamed of marrying us," she whispered when the last flame had been extinguished.

"They don't mean it like that," said he.

So they were wed, and together under the chestnut trees they set up house in Kensington Gardens. It was a beautiful little white house in Kensington Gore. He raised some difficulty at first about the rent, but with an infinite power of tact she overcame it.

"I couldn't live away from the Gardens," she whispered. "After all, it was there we came to know, wasn't it?"

There was no gainsaying that. It was there they had met on common ground to play this marvellous game. And, after all, what did the rent really matter, however high it was? Except that a reasonable income is always another touch of realism in matters such as these. It were easy for anyone to be happy on seven thousand a year; but love such as theirs could really be happy with seven hundred.

One morning, then, the blinds in an upper window of that little white house in Kensington Gore were drawn. A doctor's brougham was at the door.

"What will you do?" she asked.

"I? My God! I don't know. I suppose I shall walk up and down outside till it's over."

That was exactly what he did do—paced the pavement, muttering to himself a thousand prayers of pleading for her welfare. Presently a nurse came to the door and beckoned him. He flew within.

"It was a girl," said she.

"No," said he quickly, "it was a boy—a fine little chubby chap."

Suddenly she saw what a splendid fellow he was and she agreed. It was a boy; they called him John. And when they met next time in the Gardens it had come to the day of the christening.

"We'll hire one of those Coupé carriages," said he, "and we'll drive to the Oratory. I like the Oratory better than Farm Street."

She sat round in her penny chair. She looked straightly in his eyes.

"It's not going to be a Catholic," said she quietly.

And just as quietly he said, "But it must."

She tightened her grasp upon her parasol.

"I didn't mind the candles," said she, "but I won't have this."

He flew to his realism again, for it is always in these games among the grown-ups that when he is in difficulty the man relies upon what is real.

"They'd never have granted the dispensation," said he, "if it hadn't been agreed upon that the children had all to be baptised Catholics."

"All?" she exclaimed. For this was not the last they meant to have. She had made it a condition that the next should be a girl. No wonder she made that exclamation. "All?" she said.

"I'm afraid so," he replied.

"But how terribly bigoted!" she returned, and there was a sick feeling at the heart of both of them that this was a difficulty which could never be overcome. "That's the most bigoted thing I've ever heard."

"I don't suppose anybody 'ud know," said he, "if you brought up one of the girls to be a Protestant. She could be baptised again."

"Why not one of the boys?" she asked.

"Oh, no, they *must* be Catholics," said he firmly.

She rose slowly from her penny chair. Her face was white, her lips were cold. Life was a most lonely and most terrible thing. She knew then that the little white house in Kensington Gore had tumbled to the earth.

"Of course, there's no more to be said," she muttered. "I couldn't allow a thing like that. The candles were bad enough. But I couldn't allow the other thing."

He rose as well.

"Does this mean you're going?" he asked.

She nodded her head.

"I have to meet my husband at lunch," she said. And then she turned away.

There is no doubt of it—the children must eternally be right.

E. Temple Thurston

A New Year's Wish

If only I knew where they bought 'em,
I'd buy you a year of your own,
And a third of the year should be Autumn,
The most fruitful that ever was known.
Another four months should be Spring-time
With the promise of joy that it brings—
A beautiful "sing, birdie, sing" time,
Full of snowdrops and wee baby things.
The rest of the year should be Summer,
With its roses and rebels and bliss,
When the birth of each floral newcomer
Should be hailed by the sun with a kiss.
As for Winter, its price should be doubled
If they'd hide it away on some shelf;
But rather than you should be troubled
I would keep all the Winter myself.

ELPHINSTONE THORPE

The Seats of the Mighty

NEW ILLUSTRATION OF A WELL-WORN PHRASE

BY H. M. BATEMAN

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

When Poetry Was Fashionable

Two centuries ago the good people of London found cause for pleasurable excitement in many things which to-day come in for but small notice. In particular, the appearance of a new poem, generally issued in blue paper covers at sixpence or a shilling, was an event of more than ordinary importance. The reason for this was twofold. The poems of those days as often as not bore a political meaning, and largely took the place of the pamphlets and newspapers of a later date. Also, poetry was fashionable. To have written a poem, even a very bad poem, gave you a certain social status. In every coffee-house you could find well-thumbed copies of nearly every poem published during the last few months. And these poems, nine-tenths of which were deservedly forgotten within a very few years, may be compared with the illustrated magazines and periodicals of to-day. Like the magazines, they were not difficult to understand; they were often amusing, often libellous, often exceedingly scandalous. They consequently formed the basis for polite conversation. In a while, however, fashionable folk were looking elsewhere for their literary entertainment. Society journals were springing into existence, and poetry was finding a renaissance by severing itself from ordinarily political and ephemeral affairs—with many results. To-day, few people, whether fashionable or otherwise, read contemporary poetry for their own pleasure. Some read verse, it is true, particularly if the verse tickles their palate, or is supposed to contain an immoral suggestion, but poetry is no longer fashionable, and certainly does not pay. Yet hundreds of slim volumes do annually appear, and their authors' pockets must be the poorer in consequence. Generally, this is as it should be. Most of these slim volumes are hopelessly wearisome and dead. Hardly a new thought can be discovered, and not even a weird and wonderful metre, or a succession of startling phrases can give life to a poem, whatever your poetaster may imagine to the contrary.

Camera portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

PROFESSOR MAX REINHARDT

The producer of "The Miracle" at Olympia, the theatrical sensation of the hour. He graduated as an actor and established a new school at the Kleines Theatre, Berlin. He is unquestionably the greatest theatrical producer of the day

A Poem of To-Day

If you ask the ordinary reader why this is so, the reply will generally be either that the poems "lack a story" or that "they are so difficult to understand." This may not be very lofty criticism, but it is honest. Well, there has lately been published a poem which should satisfy not only lovers of poetry, but also the greater world of readers who are shy of opening a book of the kind. I refer to John Masefield's *The Everlasting Mercy* (Sidgwick and Jackson: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). Here is a poem which stands on a pinnacle by itself—perhaps rather a dangerous pinnacle, because it runs the risk of being imitated. I read it aloud to an uneducated man who rarely opens a book, much less a volume of poetry, once in a year. His mouth opened wide at the opening lines, and remained widely open during the entire time I was reading. Afterwards he swore very obscenely: that was his way of expressing intense admiration. He at least understood every line in the poem, and was interested from first line to last. *The Everlasting Mercy*, indeed, is one of the masterpieces of our time. It is the simple story of a village lout, one Saul Kane, who fights another man and beats him because his antagonist has sprained a thumb. There follow riotous scenes in the local public-house. Everyone is more or less drunk, and Kane staggers out into the night. He hears the pitiful story of a poor woman whose children are always worrying and disappointing her, and suddenly—he is satiated. The foul atmosphere of the public-house, the dirty, maudlin talk, disgust him. A miracle happens, and he sees the beauty in things. He becomes almost hysterical as he remembers the religion at which he and his mates have so often scoffed. And he puts all the old vile ideas away from him—for all time. He has discovered the Everlasting Mercy. . . . As a piece of drama, Mr. Masefield's poem is magnificent. It blares forth life; it alternately shocks and hurts you. I should like everyone in England to read it. Saul Kane's fight is as fine a piece of descriptive writing as I have read,

The Yellow Slave Market

ALMOND-EYED DAMSELS FOR SALE IN NORTH-WEST CHINA

In the Russian region of North-West China a considerable traffic is done in female slaves. Our photograph (exclusive to "The Bystander") shows some girls tied on platforms and exposed for sale in one of the villages

and the mother's story brings a lump to one's throat. But for the few lines of invocation at the end, which might have been rather more splendid, though, perhaps, their very simplicity is in keeping with the spirit of the poem, there is no flaw. But let no one dare to imitate it.

Other Poets

Just at the moment there seems to be a more than usual outburst of good poetry. There is a volume from the Bodley Head, ever courageous where its poets are concerned, which has interested me almost as much as Mr. Masefield's poem. A year or two ago Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie found himself hailed as a great poet, and deserved the recommendation. His last book, *Emblems of Love* (Lane: 5*s.* net), contains some beautiful lines which, did space permit, should be quoted. Mr. Abercrombie's volume of over two hundred pages is one long pæan in praise of Love. If I read him aright, he has endeavoured, by various dramatic interludes, to trace the evolution of love throughout the ages. At times he reminds me of de Stendhal, but that does not mean to say that he lacks an individual outlook. There cannot be, it seems, too much to say in Love's favour: here you have the result of a happy poet's dreaming. Mr. Charles Cayzer has also collected his plays and lyrical poems, and now issues them in two volumes under the title of *By Way of the Gate* (Kegan Paul: 10*s.* net). Some of the shorter poems are particularly fine, and Mr. Cayzer is not to be included among the many poetasters whose work is forgotten straightway. Another poet I would mention is Mr. Harold Monro, whose *Before Dawn: Poems and Impressions* (Constable: 5*s.* net) contains some remarkable poetry, which, like *The Everlasting Mercy*, should entertain even those who do not trouble themselves to look at a volume of poetry. The thirty Impressions at the end of his book are poetic vignettes of extraordinary interest; they have an unexpected directness of diction, and exhibit a quaint discrimination. Mr. Monro is in earnest, and he does not search the dictionaries for remarkable words. I fancy that his name will be well known some time in the future.

"The Poetry Review"

Which reminds me that he is the leading spirit in *The Poetry Review*, the first number of which is advertised to appear this month. Its prospectus piques one's curiosity. It is not, primarily, to be a commercial undertaking. Each number, among its other features, is to publish the work of one particular poet. There have been reviews which have given to poetry a prominent position, but never, I think, one solely devoted to its interests. Well, we shall see. To poets, at all events, the launching of *The Poetry Review* should be a momentous undertaking. If conducted upon the lines laid out in the prospectus, it should be an addition to literature. RALPH STRAUS

MATTERS MUSICAL

A BACKWARD GLANCE

The New Year

AT this season critics, musical and otherwise, cannot help pausing in their mad career and casting a glance backward. Indeed, a kind friend once said to me that during the few magical days between Christmas and the New Year we all did our thinking for the twelve months—but that, of course, is mere spite, he being a composer. For my part, however, I really prefer to look forward rather than back, because it is more amusing to speculate than to ruminate. But tradition, to say nothing of an editorial decree, is too strong for me. I must mount on the shoulders of that young giant 1912 and cast a comprehensive last glance over the venerable figure of 1911 already vanishing into the shadows. The first thing, then, that strikes me is that the old gentleman is very much like his predecessor, 1910, of blessed memory, or, indeed, any of his more recent ancestors.

Dr. Richter's Retirement

He has brought us, as they did, an incredible quantity of young singers and players who have paid far more than they can afford to give concerts, which nobody but their friends ever dreamed of attending. As to the more important concerts, they are very much what they always were. Despite all rumours to the contrary, it is possible to enter the Queen's Hall and not hear the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, but the feat is a rare one and not devoid of the danger of encountering that almost equally redoubtable adversary, "Tod und Verklärung." Sir Edward Elgar continues to write masterpieces in accordance with his most approved recipes, the more modern British composers are almost as conspicuous by their absence as they would be by their presence, and Sir Henry Wood's bow is as graceful as ever. The only change is the retirement of Dr. Richter, which leaves this country without a regular conductor of the first rank. One cannot record the passing of a musical personality so great, so familiar with the glories of the past, so beneficial to English music, without a gesture of respect and regret. But Richter's retirement has given a chance to our younger conductors, though nobody has, as yet, shown any conspicuous claims to take up the mantle of the prophet.

And Mr. Hammerstein's Arrival

In matters operatic the most important event is, of course, the arrival of Mr. Hammerstein. Indeed, from the musical point of view the opening of the London Opera House is *the* event of the year. As regards the American's chances, I had occasion, a few weeks ago, to give my opinions for what they were worth, so I shall not repeat them. Suffice it to say that I am delighted that he is doing well—better than most of us expected, I readily admit—and that, if some of his scenery is rather glaring, his productions have been well above the average. I am still more delighted to hear that he intends to do something for English composers and singers. Popularly this course is supposed to lead to bankruptcy, but I do not believe it. Why should not Mr. Hammerstein do *The Magic Flute*, with which mere amateurs made such an enormous success at Cambridge? But there! I knew I should tread on the toes of 1912 before I had finished. FRANCIS TOYE

In Pantomime—and Out

IN PANTOMIME: THE PRINCESS HAS A FAIRY GODMOTHER

OUT OF PANTOMIME: THE PRINCESS HAS A FAIRY GODFATHER

BY E. A. MORROW

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

An Ingenious Arrangement

It will be remembered that I criticised the latest regulations for the Open Championship as being unfair to those who should draw places in the last section (either the second or third, according as there were two or three sections) because those players would be forced to play their six rounds on three successive days without any day's rest, such as the first section would get. I had left out of calculation an ingenious use of the Sabbath, by means of which the authorities have met this objection. We now learn that the Championship will begin on Friday, June 21, and that the qualifying rounds will, therefore, be played on the Friday and Saturday, while the Championship proper will be played on the succeeding Monday and Tuesday. If the numbers necessitate three sections, then the qualifying rounds will commence on Thursday, June 20. Thus the intervening Sunday will provide the day's rest for the last section, and all the happy qualifiers will start fresh on the Monday. This arrangement meets a further objection, as, unless the Honourable Company have altered their by-laws, play will be possible on the Sunday for such as wish to have a knock after their one or two day's rest. Nothing is said as to the International Match, and I presume that this fixture will be abandoned, nor, if this be so, do I think that many tears will be shed over its decease, for, apart from the players themselves, few took any interest whatever in it. The objection that I have seen put forward that this arrangement carries the meeting over two separate weeks hardly holds good when it is remembered that in previous years it always commenced on the Saturday with the International Match, leaving the Championship to commence on either the Monday or Tuesday of the next week. The Sunday, instead of being wasted, if I may so put it, as it was under the old system, is now made precious use of, and all parties ought now to be satisfied. I cannot conceive a fairer method being possible to devise so long as the Championship continues to be held on a system of score play alone.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. GEORGE BRANN

Formerly a Corinthian and International footballer, and a prop of Sussex County Cricket, Mr. Brann has since made his mark in golf, not only as a crack player, but as a club official. On Boxing Day he was presented with a handsome testimonial in recognition of his twelve years' service as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Home Park (Hampton Court) Golf Club

Tee Shots in Type

Mr. Bernard Darwin is so well known both as a fine player and also as an excellent writer on the game that he needs no introduction to my readers. Those who have not seen him putting his theories into admirable practice on the links will, no doubt, have made his acquaintance on paper in the various journals for which he writes. He is a most sound critic of the game, and his reports of great matches and meetings in the columns of the *Times* stamp him as one of the best reporters that the game can number among its ranks. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that I began the perusal of his recently published book, *Tee Shots and Others* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.). The pleasure with which I began it was maintained, and, indeed, increased, from cover to cover, and I can most heartily recommend it to all golfers as a delightful companion for a few hours, especially at this holiday time, when India has apparently lent us her monsoon and the consequent deluge makes play almost impossible. I can assure any reader of Mr. Darwin's book that he will be kept amused, and, I hope, also instructed, throughout. The first section of the book, "Human Nature on the Links," will, I am certain, appeal most closely to the average player, for it shows by many human touches that the author has been through the mill, that he has experienced, and, therefore, understands, the foibles, the hopes, the fears, the joys, and the despair which are common to all of us on the course, whether we be at the top of the ladder or only painfully climbing its lowest rungs. In his last section, "The A.B.C. of Golf," Mr. Darwin descends into the well-trodden arena of teaching, and puts into clear and simple language the fundamental principles of the game, by careful study of which the eager disciple may master the mysteries of a sound style.

ERNEST LEHMANN

"The Golfers' Pocket Tip Book" (Mills and Boon: 5s.) is full of concise and well-expressed hints for the accomplishment of the various strokes of the game. The illustrations show Jack White performing the strokes. There is also a chapter on putting by that brilliant player, which, as coming from one of the finest putters extant, merits close attention. The little book, among many other valuable hints, gives a full exposition of that invaluable and little-understood stroke, the half iron shot.

The Immortal Micawber

WAITING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER TO TURN UP

MR. LOUIS CALVERT AS MICAWBER: A CAMERA PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPÉ, F.R.P.S.

Mr. Calvert is to play Micawber at the Dickens Centenary Festival at the Coliseum on Sunday next, the 7th inst. Micawber was a truly amiable, erratic genius, and the portrait is said to be of Dickens's own father. "A most unpractical, half-clever man, a great speechifier, letter-writer, projector of bubble schemes, and though confident of success, never succeeding."—*Dickens: David Copperfield*

RUGBY FOOTBALL

ITS LEGAL ILLEGALITIES

The Heeling Convention

Rugby football is at once one of the most sublime and one of the most ridiculous games in the world. Upon its sublimity I need not dilate. Its claim to a place in the select category of really great games is undisputed, and the best proof of its sublimity is to be found in the fact that it flourishes in spite of its ridiculousness. It is with the latter attribute that I propose to deal at present. The ridiculousness of "Rugger" is due to the fact that the rules under which the game is played are about the worst in the whole statute book of sport. In fact, it would be quite true to say that Rugby football is played quite as much by convention as by law, for in many phases of the game its laws are not merely supplemented, but openly violated, by convention. For instance, heeling the ball back from the scrummage is one of the recognised, and most common, methods of attack; yet it is absolutely illegal, for forwards when they heel are technically offside, besides being also, probably, guilty of obstruction. Hence a forward in the scrummage is allowed by convention to do what a half-back is, by law, forbidden to do; hence, too, the evolution of the "wing" forward, who calls himself a forward and justifies his appellation by placing his hand on the back of a colleague in the scrummage, thereby enabling himself to exercise the "spoiling" functions of a half-back practically without regard to the offside rule, by which he would be bound if he called himself a half-back.

Falling on the Ball

Another instance of convention overriding the law is furnished by the practice of falling on the ball—and lying on it—in order to stop a "rush." This practice is almost universally recognised as legitimate, but not quite. There are a goodly number of influential people who contend that it ought not to be allowed, or, to put it in another way, that lying on the ball and hugging it after falling on it (with the object of causing a delay) instead of playing it at once ought to be more severely penalised than it is. The question has recently been discussed at length in the correspondence columns of the *Field*, as the result of a protest against the practice raised by Mr. H. B. Tristram, the finest full-back (in my humble opinion) that ever played the game. As a contemporary of Tristram at Oxford I have seen him play many a time, and he, at any rate, proved that other more skilful and more legitimate methods of stopping a rush than by "going down" can be employed successfully.

Photograph *Stearn and Sons, Cambridge*

THE TEAM WITH A CLEAN SHEET: THE OLD LEYSIANS RUGBY XV

Left to right, beginning with the back row: S. S. Mallinson, T. A. Walker, C. H. Reid; J. F. H. Guinness, J. V. Fiddian, C. Pinkham, F. C. Pyman, L. Bell; A. C. Boys, T. O. Pepper, J. E. Mellor (captain), B. H. Holloway, H. J. Holloway; A. H. Holman, L. R. H. Williams

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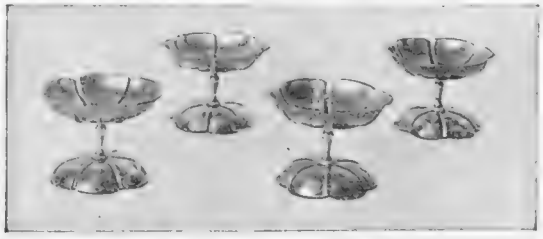

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What Does it Amount To?

Falling on the ball is in itself a legitimate, if somewhat clumsy, way of meeting a rush, and it requires some pluck. That is why it is defended, and even advocated, by some, as being one of the finest things in the game. The man who "goes down" on to the very boots of three or four hefty forwards always gets a cheer from the crowd. But in reality, as Mr. Tristram has pointed out, he is making an appeal *ad misericordiam;* he puts himself in a position to receive on his head or his body kicks that were meant for the ball because he hopes, and in most cases knows, that his adversaries will try to avoid kicking him. Moreover, in about nine cases out of every ten he "sticks to" the ball for quite an appreciable interval instead of putting it into play immediately as the law directs, so as to enable his own men to get round behind him, and—again by convention—this infringement of the law is seldom taken any notice of by referees unless it is so inartistically perpetrated that they are bound to notice it. Here is one of the crowning absurdities of Rugby football. A rush cannot be stopped effectively by falling on the ball unless it is done in such a way that the rules are broken. And yet, as I say, this method of rush-stopping is regarded by many as one of the finest things in the game. To my mind it is one of the most exasperating; it is nothing but downright obstruction.

Photograph Sport and General

LIEUT. N. A. WODEHOUSE, R.N.

The International Rugby forward who will captain England against "The Rest" at Twickenham next Saturday

A New Trick

There is another practice which is becoming quite common in some districts—though, fortunately, as they say in Suburbia, "the best people don't do it." A back, when hustled or hampered so that he can neither run nor kick, deliberately throws the ball into touch, thereby preventing what might have been a score for the other side. The practice is defended, I presume, on the ground that a player is entitled to give a "pass" whenever he can, and that it can't be helped if there is no one there to receive his pass and it rolls into touch. But, of course, it is nothing more than a shabby trick. A case of it occurred recently in a match which may become historic, for the referee, rather to everybody's surprise, awarded a penalty try against the side who resorted to it. The question whether he had power to do this is to be referred to the Rugby Union, and, pending their decision, there does not seem to be much point in arguing it. However, it serves admirably to illustrate my proposition that the game is made ridiculous by its laws.

H. S. S.

RACING: Current Steeplechasing. By CARBINE

India's Most Important Race

It can readily be imagined that the meeting at Calcutta last week, at which the Viceroy's Cup was run for, was an exceptionally brilliant affair. Following quickly on the Coronation ceremonials at Delhi, a notable gathering, no doubt, assembled on India's premier racecourse. The winner turned up in Mayfowl, one of the cheapest horses ever brought into India. Three years ago he was actually running in hurdle races and small flat-races in Ireland; now he has the glory of having won the Viceroy's Cup twice in succession. Mr. A. A. Apcar, who owns him, has made a notable record in the great Calcutta race, having now won it no fewer than eight times.

The Coming Grand National

There was some capital steeplechasing at Kempton and other meetings last week, and good crowds were present on most days, but I suppose interest in the jumping will not become really strong until after the publication of the weights for the Grand National, for which the entries are to be made next week. I am glad to see that it has been decided to abolish penalties in the big Aintree steeplechase, for they are a bugbear which in past years has prevented some of the best horses from appearing many times in public prior to the Grand National. The fear of incurring penalties for this all-important event has, in fact, done much to take away from the interest of steeplechase meetings like Sandown Park, and has stifled the enterprise of racecourse executives, who have been deterred from arranging valuable 'chases in January and the two following months by the knowledge that owners would prefer not to start their horses rather than run the risk of earning additional weight at Aintree by winning them. I suppose we shall see Jerry M. once again at the head of the weights. He is undoubtedly the grandest steeplechaser of the present time, and if he can be brought to the post at Liverpool he will be sure of plenty of public support, no matter what weight he may have to carry.

Selections

There is racing at Gatwick on Wednesday and Thursday. On the first day **Stonehenge** may win the Purley Steeplechase, and **Creole** the Crawley Steeplechase. On the following afternoon **Abbott's Choice,** who won in excellent style at Kempton last week, may repeat his success in the Grange Steeplechase, and the Maiden Hurdle Race should be won by **Aviator.** Not much importance attaches to the Plumpton meeting at the end of the week, but there are one or two good races at Haydock Park, where on Friday the Warrington Hurdle Handicap may fall to **Iman.** On the second day **Flying Loris** should secure the January Steeplechase.

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument.'

The King of Physicians—Pure Air

"A constant succession of colds implies a mode of life in which all aerial microbes are afforded abundant opportunities."—Dr. LEONARD WILLIAMS.

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"Remember that it has now been well proved that this disease (Pneumonia) owes its origin to the Tubercle Bacillus—a germ which is practically universal and ubiquitous, but which is unable to grow or to take root properly unless it can be undisturbed in its quarters for about eleven clear days. Now, what chance has such a germ to settle in the lungs of an individual who at stated times freely admits nearly eight times the normal amount of pure life-giving air, reaching to the farthest recesses of his lungs? Practically none."—A. BRYCE, M.D., D.P.H.

G. B. Cipriani Fecit *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi*

WINTER.

"All Nature feels the renovating force of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye in ruin seen."—THOMSON.

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom."—W. RUSSELL.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age, as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as 'Auto-Intoxication,' or self-poisoning.

"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs, or microbes, which infest the bowel, and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains.

"The dual problem therefore of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted, or prevented, or in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."—CHARLES REINHARDT, M.D.

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Boxing Day with the Surrey Union

THE MEET AT BURFORD BRIDGE, BOX HILL

Dismal and soaking as Boxing Day was, the meet near Mr. Hunt's famous hostelry proved, if anything, more popular than ever. The top left picture shows the start for Box Hill. That upon the right is of Mr. Edward Murray, of Mickleham, the Master of the Hunt. The centre photograph is of the Surrey Union Foxhounds. The country hunted by these hounds lies entirely in Surrey, and covers some twenty miles by sixteen

(Photographed specially for THE BYSTANDER *by H. W. Nicholls)*

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

LONDON TO EXETER AND BACK

This competition, organised for motor-cycles by the Motor Cycling Club, is an annual reliability trial of high value. It is run at a time (Boxing Day) when the conditions are generally most adverse, and the whole journey must be made within twenty-four hours to qualify for honours. Mr. Moss Blundell, on an 8 h.p. Waverley car, accompanied the riders. The flooded condition of the country traversed is excellently indicated

SIDE CARS TRAVELLING AT SPEED NEAR SHERBORNE

War in the Air

THERE is a grim greyness about the aerial torpedoes on exhibition at the Grand Palais that is not comfortable to the imagination. Torpedoes they look—a closer imitation would hardly be possible—with their steel-sheathed "hulls" tapering away to rear propellers, shaft-driven from engines forward. Torpedoes they are for speed, and the shuddering horrors they suggest. A gun grinning earthward from beside the pilot's perch makes no contribution to complacency. They are war-planes to the last line of them. They fill the sensitive soul with dark forebodings. They are built for battle. Given a condition in which they can operate and the finest fleets and the largest land forces are paralysed and impotent. Cities cower helpless behind futile fortifications. Arsenals and magazines become potential perils for the people who rely upon their protection. We have hedged ourselves about with splendid defences—and left our heads bare. The aeroplane strikes at the bare head—from above.

Concerning Official Figures

I think it was Mr. Justice Darling who reminded us the other day of the Disraelian dictum concerning lies, and statistics. Let us, then, indulge in a few statistics. Despite Disraeli, there *may* be morals even in statistics. I grant these figures are dry—dry as the comments I should like to make upon them. They are issued by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and cover 1910. During that year we imported £5,134,766 worth of cars and parts. We exported £1,160,402 worth. £250,440 represents the value of the re-exports. There is still room, it will be observed, for the British manufacturer to expand within his own market. How he may expand is, perhaps, indicated in the specific cases I will quote. From Germany we imported £992,688 worth. We exported to Germany £32,506 worth. Re-exports were valued at £32,734. The balance of advantage seems to be with Germany! Again. From France £2,650,260. To France, £417,464. Re-exports, £118,299. A little more balm in those export figures. Sometimes it would seem we can jump over a fairly high tariff wall. But the imports——! Another case. Imports from Italy, £329,448. Exports to Italy, £67,175. Re-exports, £7,073. H'm! Italy also is a protected country. Lastly, because figures, and particularly such figures, are a little wearing, we took from the United States £300,704 worth. Our exports were £58,698. Our re-exports, £14,147.

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PATRONISED BY SOCIETY

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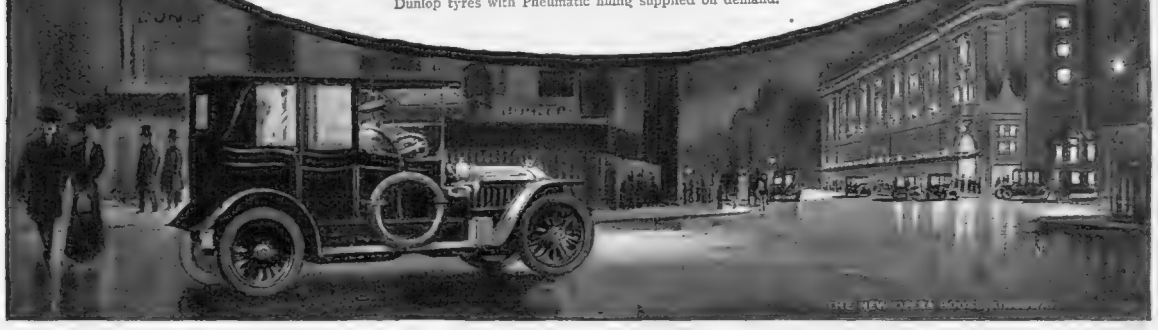

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Motoring Futures

The American figures are, perhaps, not so bad as some of us expected, but, then, in 1910 the United States were much too busy with the demand of their own markets to trouble much about ours. I imagine the figures for 1911 will be rather more heartsome—to the American! The figures for 1912 may be even more so. After that—but after that we may have decided that we should like to make a change, and our automobile industry may have reached a stage in its organisation and development which will enable that change to be made effectively. The best way, if we can manage it, is to beat the competitor out of our own field without the aid of tariffs. Any other way has many objections, particularly from the consumer's point of view. But for the moment it is a notable fact that the four cases of violent discrepancy between imports and exports I have referred to are the result of dealings with protected countries. And by another notable coincidence the only protected countries with which we have dealings showing a balance of advantage to us are countries which have no native automobile industry worth talking about at all! H'm! There is much virtue in a "H'm!" properly understood.

A 15 h.-p. STRAKER-SQUIRE 1912 MODEL, WITH SMART CABRIOLET COUPÉ BODY

It is an ideal winter touring car, and British throughout

Speed

I do not know the literary equivalent for a whistle of astonishment or I would indulge. Ten laps (2¾ miles per lap) at 94 miles per hour. A flying kilometre at 96 m.p.h. And a flying half-mile at 97 m.p.h. On a 15.9 h.-p. machine! Now I hope the desire to whistle is understood. The figures were set up on a Vauxhall vehicle driven by Mr. Hancock. Having left themselves bereft of any more speed-worlds to conquer in their 20 h.-p. class, the Vauxhall Company retired from the track to reap well-earned rewards in the factory. They have returned again with a new "fifteen" in order to demonstrate that their powers are, if necessary, quite equal to the production of a machine that can maintain, in its class, all the track traditions of the brilliant "twenty." It does not necessarily mean that a "fifteen" will now be manufactured as a regular feature of the firm's output—although I imagine inevitable demand will force them to the creation of supply. They still regard a 20 h.-p. as the smallest engine equal to all the requirements of comfortable road travel. Which, having the enormous success of the new "fifteen" in mind, is a fine testimony to the Vauxhall Company's conception of their responsibilities to the motoring public. That attitude will surely add to the respect in which we already hold any pronouncement out of the house of Vauxhall. For the moment, my heartiest congratulations to Messrs. Walton and Kidner, the joint managing directors, upon a great triumph for Vauxhall theory and Vauxhall practice.

In Compression

I observe from some interesting particulars very kindly sent along by Messrs. Michelin that altogether the firm has contributed a matter of £20,700 to the encouragement of aviation. It is, undoubtedly, upon the basis of such generous interest that the science has developed in such a remarkable manner of recent years. Most cordial thanks.

Michelins scored heavily in the great American race for the Vanderbilt Cup. The Lozier, which finished first, and the two Mercédès, which ran second and third, were all on Michelin tyres. Congratulations.

In referring to that interesting booklet called "Saved by a Sound," which was recently issued by the Klaxon Company, I gave the address as Portland Road, instead of 41, Great Portland Street, London, W. Kindly correct in your book of necessary addresses. By the way, that same 30 h.-p. Lancia owned by Mr. Morrison, the aviator (a very fine vehicle indeed), which was illustrated in these columns, was outside the Klaxon premises the other day, being fitted with one of the famous road-clearers.

The Marshall Tyre Jacket is definitely on the market after a trial upon cars of many kinds over a distance of something like three million miles of road. In that distance it has demonstrated the possession of puncture-resisting properties quite remarkable, and has proven its claim to being a device at once simple and efficient. That makes a large contribution to tyre economy without detracting from the advantages of resiliency, speed, and comfort, which constitute the attractions of the pneumatic. Welcome!

Chas. Jarrott, Ltd., of 35, Sackville Street, W., will advise upon the purchase of any car, new or old. I know of no more competent authority. Mr. Jarrott informs me that he has just negotiated the concession of a new Continental car of about 15 h.-p. Good. We can wait, and we will certainly see.

The Thomas Transmission, to which I have previously made several references, has achieved another great success. Under R.A.C. observation it ran to Edinburgh and back on a 13.96 h.-p. Delahaye at an average speed of 19.15 m.p.h. upon 22.236 gallons of spirit—that is a consumption of 35.73 miles per gallon. A splendid result, due largely, of course, to the transmission, which, in addition to its qualities of economy, provides practically an infinitely variable gear, a self-starter, and current for all lighting and other purposes. Congratulations.

The Bystander, January 3, 1912

THE

BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED

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Beautiful old gardens, terraces, tennis lawns, pergola, lily pond with fountain, kitchen garden, glass, orchard, and 2 paddocks, in all 10¾ acres. Gas and water laid on. Telephone. Near golf, church, and telegraph.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

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AN OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE,

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PANELLED IN MAGNIFICENT OAK WORK

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are a special feature and must be seen to be appreciated; golf 2 miles; hunting; 2 miles from seaside resort.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 870)

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The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bedrooms, bathrooms, etc.; water supply by gravitation; gas laid on; the House is fitted with all modern conveniences.

STABLING FOR 6 HORSES. 2 FARMS.

Well laid-out pleasure grounds. The Property includes over 5,000 acres of hill ground and provides excellent sporting, including grouse, blackgame, woodcock, with occasional roedeer. GOOD COVERTS FOR PHEASANTS SALMON AND SEA TROUT FISHING.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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The RESIDENCE is finely situated 600ft. above sea level, with extensive views, and stands in grounds, woodland, and meadows, in all about 88 acres. In addition, adjoining farms of 112 and 266 acres can be included if desired. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices; STABLING FOR 10 HORSES; delightful old-world gardens, kitchen garden, pasture-land, the well-known HEMPLOE FOX COVERTS, in all about 88 acres. Other land is available, including excellent pastures up to about 500 acres in all, at an exceptionally low price.—Illustrated particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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Pretty pleasure grounds, charming woodland walks.

The land is divided into TWO FARMS, EACH WITH SUITABLE HOUSE AND BUILDINGS.

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EAST ANGLIA, near the sea and golf links.

£8,500 ONLY FOR AN ESTATE of 446 ACRES and capital TUDOR RESIDENCE, containing: 14 BEDROOMS, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 good oak-beamed reception rooms, and offices; ornamental grounds, fruit and vegetable gardens, orchard, glasshouse; stabling for 7, farms, etc. For the area, GOOD SHOOTING can be obtained. 2 MILES FROM A TOWN AND STATION.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,128)

SUSSEX (in the lovely Ashdown Forest district, and within easy reach of 2 celebrated golf links).—To be SOLD, a very attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to upwards of 75 acres of pasture and woodlands. The picturesque old-fashioned Residence (as above) commands very pretty views, occupies a dry situation with South aspect, and contains the usual reception rooms, about 14 bed, dressing, and bathrooms and offices, and is lighted throughout by electricity; good stabling, farmery with bailiff's house, and 2 cottages; lovely old grounds sloping to ornamental lake, walled kitchen garden with moderate amount of glass; hunting with foxhounds and harriers.—Full particulars from personal inspection by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (21,912)

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Picturesque external appearance.
Quaintly unique internal arrangement.

PRICE, £1,200.

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FIGURE GREATLY REDUCED.

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EXCELLENT STABLING. COACHMAN'S AND GARDENER'S COTTAGES.

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460ft. above the sea, on gravel soil, with delightful views over well-wooded country.

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Lounge hall, 3 or 4 reception rooms, ample domestic offices, 10 or 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; hot-water heating; modern drainage; good water supply; good stabling; garage.

Well-timbered gardens and grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock, etc.; excellent farmlands, with house, buildings, and 5 cottages. Total area about 297 ACRES.

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There are prolific kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, etc.; excellent stabling and cottage; main water; near golf course.

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FOR SALE AT ABOUT HALF COST.

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Capital stabling; cottage; carriage drive a mile long; entrance lodge. Excellent order throughout. Beautiful grounds and parklands nearly
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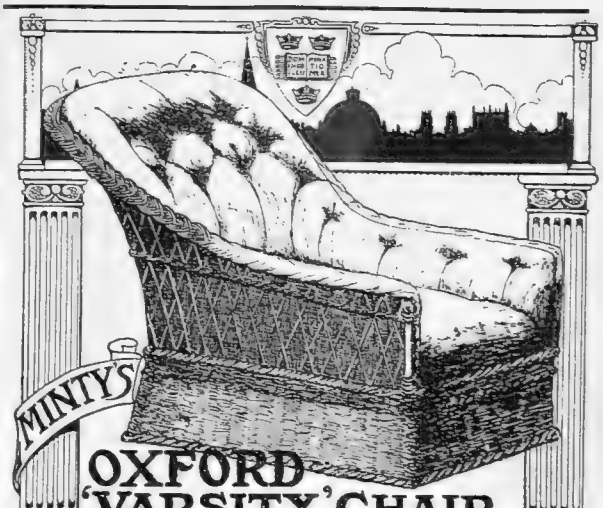

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Lotus are in stock and ready for immediate wear—no waiting till they are made. The local agent will get from the factory by return of post any size required to ensure a perfect and comfortable fit. In Lotus are found the improved design and quality demanded by the British men and women who have taken up ski-ing. The boots are designed to increase the comfort and efficiency of the wearer and are thoroughly reliable. They were severely tested by experienced ski-runners last season, and their several points of excellence were keenly appreciated. Selected black moor calf upper, watertight tongue, backstrap and buckle for securing ski binding to the boot; double thickness of leather round the sides; extra high toe for comfort, and shaped to prevent the toe-strap slipping off. Splendid English oak bark tanned sole, waterproofed. WELTED—close welt. Heel hollowed at back to take Ellefsen or Huitfeldt binding.

TELEPHONE "6989 London Wall" or write The Lotus Shoe Makers, Ltd., Stafford, for local agent's address, and illustrated catalogue. Try on Lotus and get comfortably fitted before leaving for Switzerland.

Regd. Design 566271

Lotus boots for ski-ing in Switzerland. Ladies' 28/6; Men's 35/-.

As supplied to the British Antarctic Expedition, 1910.

'ABINGDON CORD SQUARES'
THE STRONGEST

CARPETS

FOR HARD WEAR.

(10 sizes in stock.) **Being Reversible, they Outwear two Ordinary Carpets.**

They are the only Carpets which answer to modern requirements, being Hygienic, Decorative, Durable, and Inexpensive. **Easy to Sweep. Do not Collect Dust.** *Send for patterns*

HERE ARE THE PRICES OF
THE ABINGDON CORD SQUARES.
Art Shades, Seamless, Reversible. Sizes:

2 by 2	2 by 2½	2 by 3	2½ by 2½	2½ by 3	2½ by 3½
6/9	8/6	10/-	10/6	12/6	15/9
2½ by 4	3 by 3	3 by 3½	3 by 4	3 by 4½	3½ by 3½
18/6	15/-	17/6	20/-	23/-	21/6
3½ by 4	3½ by 4½	3½ by 5	4 by 4	4 by 4½	4 by 5
23/6	27/-	31/6	27/6	30/-	33/6
4 by 6	4 by 7 yds.			(Carriage	
40/-	47/6 each.			Paid.)	

Also made in all widths for Stairs, Landings, and Passages.

THE **ABINGDON CARPET MANFG. CO., Ltd.**
151, Thames Wharf,
ABINGDON-ON-THAMES.

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THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.
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THE "ASHCROFT" BOILER.

This Boiler is very Suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

Size	To Heat Dia. Pipe	Tappings	Dia. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1 12in. x 21in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£1 12 6
,, 2 12in. x 12in.	60ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 2 6
,, 3 12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 11 0

GREENHOUSE	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0 x 21 0 x 8 0	,, 3 ,,	28 0 x 28 0 x 10 0

Or Same Area

For COLDS, COUGHS, INFLUENZA & BRONCHITIS

INHALE "SANITAS" OIL.

Special Pamphlet FREE:—'SANITAS' CO., Ltd., LONDON, E.

BRAGG'S CHARCOAL

Purifies the Blood and is invaluable for INDIGESTION, Acidity, Flatulence, Heartburn, Impure Breath, Diarrhœa, &c

Prevents many an Illness arising from Insanitary Conditions
Highly Recommended by the Medical Profession.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Biscuits, 1/-, 2/- and 4/- per tin Powder, 2/- and 4/- per bottle; Lozenges, 1/1½ per tin. Chocolates, 1/- per tin; Capsules, convenient for travellers 2/- per box.

Free Samples sent on receipt of this Coupon and 3d. for postage in the U.K., or 1/- for postage abroad.
J. L. Bragg, Ltd., 14, Wigmore Street, London.

OLD OSTRICH FEATHERS

Don't throw away your old feathers.
Let us make them into LANCERS.

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Specialists in Ostrich Feather work of all descriptions.

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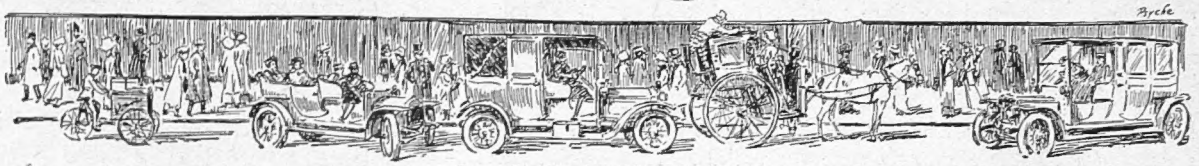
Telegraphic Address: "Osfefa London." Telephone No. 3420 Victoria.

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

SHALL I talk New Year platitudes? I think not. What is, is; what will be, will be. Kismet! One thing to me, at least, is assured, that if I overstep, by so much as a word, my allotted space, down will come the guillotine, in the shape of the Editor's inexorable pen. Oh, these men! How they will cling to their traditional autocracy; and I am a poor thing with my mere chat about clothes in the midst of their superior sarcasms and witticisms. So let me to my lot in life, and trust that my enthusiasm will appeal to a few.

Something About a Special Corset and a Corset Sale

On the unimpeachable authority of the presiding genius at the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street, we have it that corsets will be longer than ever during 1912. Naturally the prophesy only affects the early part or spring season. The fates alone know where we shall be in the corset line next Christmas. Short of getting back to a sort of Mrs. Noah's attire and being corseted to the heels, we have surely touched the limits of what even the most fashionable woman will endure in the very, very latest model depicted on this page. The length, certainly, is extreme, but since it is built of the finest tricot, and the few bones terminated at a reasonable point, the soft extension moulds itself to the figure, and there is, consequently, no ugly disfiguring line to be discerned through the skirt, be that of the clearest fabric. The bust line, you observe, is low, and that is the case with all the new models. The one-time threatened ugly Teutonic pushed-up figure is now a thing of the past.

THE VERY LATEST MODEL IN CORSETS
Sketched at the London Corset Company, New Bond Street, W.
(By Dorothy Millar)

And to conclude the matter, the cost of this newest of the new is only 4 gns.

Additionally to style, the London Corset Company are consistently emphatic as to value. Their corsets are all made in Paris, and made to wear, thanks to the best materials, real whalebone, and an absolutely irreproachable finish. The final handling is so important, involving hand work and the nicest touch. Furthermore, a perfect fit is guaranteed if a personal visit is paid. During the month of January an entire clearance is made of any "La Samothrace" corsets that are in stock. No single model is spared the ban of the blue pencil, and among the bargains will be included samples of special makes and odd pairs of the daintiest fabrics, such as satin, brocade, etc.

Appreciable reductions are applied to the firm's famed and much-coveted *crêpe de Chine* model, which has achieved a phenomenal success, and several fine *coutille* models, notably one extra long at 3½ gns., and a wonderful spotted *coutille* at 47*s.* 9*d.*, this last conforming to all the latest decrees of low bust and length below the hips. The clearance, too, is a propitious moment for those going to tropical climates to acquire at special rates a capital washing corset fashioned of *broderie Anglaise*. The only portion that needs to be removed for the cleansing process is the steels; the bones survive the ordeal with assured equanimity.

A further interesting item included in the sale are some hand-made, hand-embroidered *lingerie* blouses, exceptionally well cut. These are of lawn, net, and *crêpe de Chine*, many

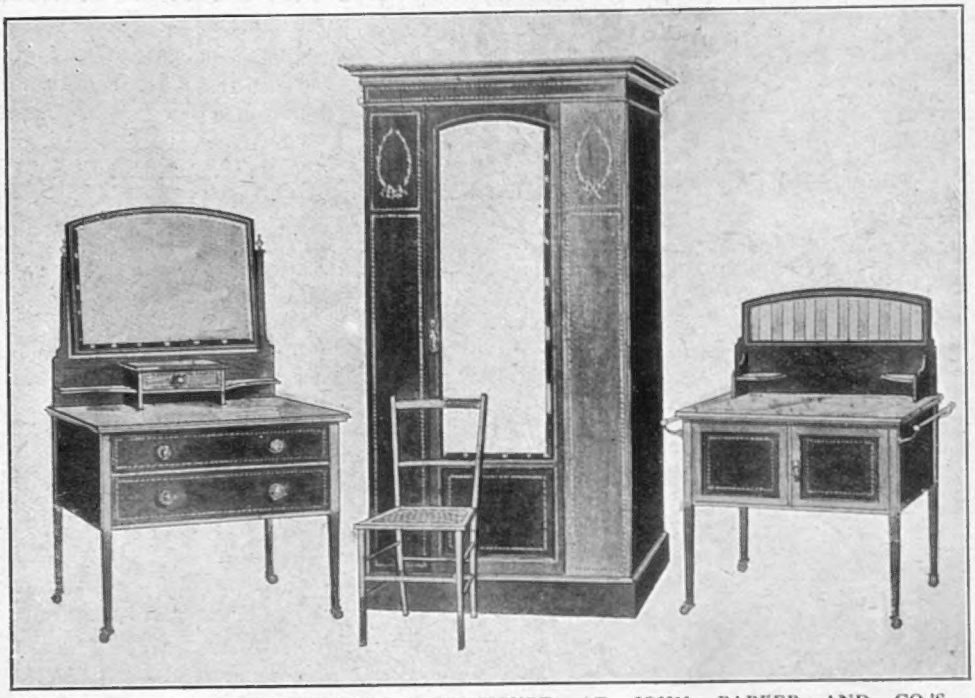
trimmed with real lace, and all marked down at sweeping reductions.

John Barker and Co., Kensington

Pursuing an even tenour of quiet but persistent extension, the next immediate section of this great Kensington house to command attention is that devoted to furnishing and furnishing fabrics. Some very ardent spirits have been at work here, and the result is such an enormous increase in trade as necessitates a considerable enlargement of premises. This is being arrived at by an absorption of some flats above, which will be subsequently laid out as specimen rooms among other advantages. A music *salon* is also to be added—a long-crying need here—while the existing departments of new and antique furniture, carpets, furnishing fabrics, and those all-important appendages of the household, the ironmongery and cutlery, will in every case be exhaustively extended.

Preparatory, however, to bringing all these changes this particular combination will be much emphasised. Meanwhile, the prices have been very appreciably reduced.

Carpets occupy an important position, supreme value being offered in an Axminster carpet, for stairs and rooms, at 2*s.* 11*d.* per yard. Figuratively speaking, the firm take their stand on this carpet; they defy comparison, both in point of designs and colourings and price. Among the foreign consignments come some fine Persian rugs and two exceptionally beautiful silk Persian carpets, and a rare sixteenth-century prayer rug, in splendid preservation. Others, again, will be interested in a special purchase of electrical fittings, always such a weighty item of expenditure, which will be offered at 25 per cent. below cost price, 1,000 glass shades clearing at 4*d.* each, these originally costing anything from 9*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* each. An illustrated catalogue, brought out exclusively in connection with this section of the establishment, cannot too early be sought or too eagerly perused.



A SUITE OF INLAID BEDROOM FURNITURE AT JOHN BARKER AND CO.'S, KENSINGTON, PRICED AT £9 15s.

to a successful issue, the customary stocktaking sale is to take place. And this is invested with a particular interest in view of the fact that it is the intention of the firm to clear, if need be, at sacrificial prices, all the present stock.

The collection of antiques is peculiarly fine, and in respect of these it is the rule at all times to turn the stock over quickly, while the utmost reliance can be placed upon the statement as to whole or partial genuineness. Bedroom suites form a striking item of the modern productions, some slight idea of the prices being afforded in the accompanying illustration of an inlaid suite. This, with a 3ft. wardrobe fitted with large mirror, toilet table with drawers, washstand with cupboard, marble top and tile back, towel-rail, and two chairs, has been razed down to the extraordinary sum of £9 15*s.* (see illustration). Charming white enamel suites, inclusive of a wardrobe, commence at 4 gns. And with every suite John Barker has been making a speciality of matching the bedstead. In the additional showrooms now at their service

A Dyer and Cleaner of Great Repute

With our faces turned towards the Spring, a reminder may not come amiss that Clark and Co., Hallcroft Works, Belfast, still stand to the fore on the solid basis of over a century, during which time they have built up a reputation that comes second to none for absolute reliability. They have a certain little autocracy of manner in stating what they can and will do that of itself betokens an assurance of knowledge. Among other things, they have taken the trouble to amass a quantity of useful information incidental to modern materials and methods, which they have compiled in catalogue form, together with a full price-list and every sort of information respecting transit, etc.

Although where possible Messrs. Clark use preferably the dry-cleaning, they reserve to themselves the right of judging between that and the ordinary wet process for bringing forth the best results. They have a process, too, of dry-dyeing that is very successful with many articles, but not all. In a word, they are a firm that ally in a very marked degree discretion and judgment with all that is latest and best in scientific knowledge. They also claim that their prices are the lowest consistent with the best workmanship.

AN ADVERTISER'S CORRECTION

In the advertisement that appeared last week of John Barker and Co., Ltd., Kensington, the price for the Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suite should have been £18 18s. and not £8 18s. as printed.

I ENLARGED MY BUST 6ins. in 30 days

By means of an accidental Discovery. My chest was flat, my face, neck, and shoulders thin and shrunken. I had faithfully tried every conceivable method and spent large sums of money in efforts to develop my bust and fill out the hollows, but all without result. At last, when I had given up all hope of success, I stumbled on to the secret by means of which I enlarged my bust 6 inches in 30 days, and by which I firmly believe

I CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

I use no glass or wooden cups with vacuum appliances, neither dangerous drugs nor massage, but a simple, harmless method which not only develops the bust and fills out hollow necks and shoulders and sunken cheeks, but which also improves the health, and makes you feel better and stronger from the beginning. As I am desirous that every woman should know how to secure this marvellous development, I have written a valuable and interesting booklet on my secret, and

I WILL SEND IT FREE

to anyone who is interested in enlarging her bust or filling out thin cheeks, neck, and shoulders. All I ask is that you agree to read it carefully and that you send a penny stamp for reply. Address—

MARGARETTE MERLAIN (Dept. 804K), 85, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.

SALE OF IRISH LINENS

During JANUARY, ROBINSON & CLEAVER offer all Factory Accumulations at very Low Prices.

LINEN DAMASK TABLECLOTHS. A quantity of odd Cloths in designs that we have ceased making:
2 by 2½ yards, **8/3** and **9/3** each.
2 by 3 yards, **9/11** and **11/3** each.

NAPKINS, 24 by 24 in., **8/6** and **11/6** doz.

HEMSTITCHED LINEN SHEETS. A number of odd lots:
2 by 3 yards, offered at **15/11** pair.

EMBROIDERED LINEN BEDSPREADS 2½ by 3 yards .. from **16/6** each.

HAND EMBROIDERED TEA CLOTHS, 36 by 36 in., **3/9, 5/11, 8/6, 10/6** each.

LINEN TOWELS, Hemstitched, Heavy Huckaback, assorted patterns, 1,500 offered at **11/6** and **14/3** per dozen.

HEMSTITCHED PILLOW CASES, Linen. For this quality undoubted Bargains. Size 20 by 30 in., **4/2** and **4/11** per pair.

HANDKERCHIEFS, Ladies' Hemstitched Linen Cambric, 14in. square, **2/11** doz. Gentlemen's. 19 in. square, **5/3** doz.

SHIRTS and COLLARS. Gentlemen's White Shirts, **5/6** each. "Castle" Collars, single shapes, **4/9**; double shapes, **5/9** per dozen.

Special ILLUSTRATED SALE LIST sent Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,

44, T, Donegall Place,
London. BELFAST. Liverpool.

DYEING AND FRENCH CLEANING
BY THE
GARDNER PROCESS.

WM. GARDNER & CO., LTD.,

Dept. B.Y., PAISLEY, N.B.

BLOUSES from 1/3.
DRESSES from 3/6.

FAST COLOURS. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. CARRIAGE PAID ONE WAY.

The Lisburn Linen Co.,
Lisburn, Ireland.

Manufacturers of Linen Damask Table Cloths and Napkins, Damask Towels, Handkerchiefs, and all classes of Household Linens. All goods guaranteed pure linen. Irish Manufacture. Prices and samples post free.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

FOR THE HAIR
Is the Best Preparation you can use.

WHY?

BECAUSE without it the Hair becomes dry, thin, and brittle, and this is the nearest approach to the natural oil in the Hair, the loss of which causes baldness.

BECAUSE you must keep the Hair well nourished and not dry, or you will soon lose it.

Ladies require it to keep the Hair soft and silky.

Men require it to prevent baldness.

Children require it to lay the foundation of a **Luxuriant Growth.** Sold in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Of Stores, Chemists, and Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid cheap spurious imitations and only buy the genuine Rowland's.

RUB WITH
SMEDLEY'S PASTE

Instant Relief
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
CHILBLAINS
SORE THROAT

Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 1/6 & 2/9, or direct from
HIRST, BROOKE & HIRST, Ltd., Leeds

THE WORLD-FAMED
Angelus
PLAYER PIANOS

the extraordinary success of which is undoubtedly due to their Artistic Supremacy, Reliability and Moderate Prices.

SIR HERBERT MARSHALL & SONS, Ld.,
Dept. 79, Angelus Hall, Regent House, Regent St., Lndn.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

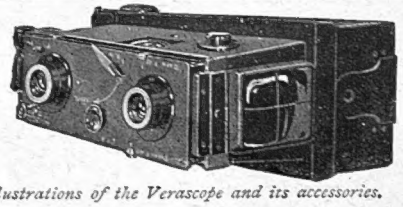
Hair Wavers.

Read "The Daily Graphic"
Price One Penny.
Brightest and Best of Morning Papers.

THE VERASCOPE

The Most Perfect Stereoscopic Camera

The Verascope is so perfectly designed and so simple to work that in ten minutes even a child can learn to produce superb photographic pictures. For amateur photographers who have never seen the Verascope Camera and its fine pictorial work, we are now holding a special Exhibition, to which we invite everyone interested in photography.



"VERASCOPE HOUSE."
JULES RICHARD, 27, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

We have just issued a complete New List No. 3, which contains all information and illustrations of the Verascope and its accessories. Will you please write for it?

THE MENU: Sweets à la Mode

Orange Soufflé
Brown Bread Soufflé
Chestnut Cream
Caramel Pudding
Marmalade Pudding
Pineapple Whip

Orange Soufflé

Cut the tops from the oranges, and scoop out the pulp. Scrape out the insides very carefully, and with a pair of sharp scissors scallop the edges. Rub the insides lightly with melted butter. Cook together two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour, and when blended pour upon them a pint of hot milk, into which a pinch of baking powder has been stirred. Stir this to a thick, smooth sauce, and set aside to cool. Then whip in the yolks of four eggs that have been lightly beaten with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the pulp and grated rind of half an orange. Fold in lightly, the egg whites well whisked, fill the scalloped orange rinds with the mixture, and set in a pan of hot water and bake. Serve, when done, with a sauce of orange juice.

Brown Bread Soufflé

Beat 2oz. of butter to a cream, and add gradually ten yolks of eggs, 1½oz. of sugar, a little powdered cloves, some grated lemon-peel, 4oz. of grated brown breadcrumbs, 1oz. of picked currants, and the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs lightly stirred in. Bake for one hour. This is enough for a large dinner-party; half these quantities are generally sufficient.

Chestnut Cream

This is a delicious sweet, and is composed of Spanish or Italian chestnuts (the latter are the best) boiled and pressed through a sieve, then mixed with a liberal supply of grated Chocolat Menier. Place this in a glass dish and spread over it a thin layer of thick cream; now cover the surface with little divisions of carefully peeled sweet oranges, overlap them neatly, and just before serving sprinkle over with grated chocolate. The slightly acid flavour of the orange gives a charming relief to the mixture of chocolate and chestnut. I recommend my readers to give this dish a trial. It must not be made wet with cream or its charm will be lost.

Caramel Pudding

Put ½lb. of very dark sugar in a stewpan with one tablespoonful of water, and boil until it begins to burn; then pour it into a mould, and let it run round the sides and bottom. When the sugar is set, make a custard with four eggs, a pint of milk, sugar, and vanilla flavouring, pour into the mould, and stand in a saucepan of boiling water (the mould must be covered with paper, and the water should reach about half-way up the mould), then draw the saucepan to the side, and let it steam for about two hours.

Marmalade Pudding

Take 4oz. of breadcrumbs, 4oz. of suet very finely chopped, 4oz. of castor sugar, two good tablespoonfuls of marmalade, and one egg; mix well, and boil in a mould for four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Pineapple Whip

Grate some fresh pineapple, and mix with it some stiffly whipped cream. Serve in paper cases with a few candied violets on the top.

EMILIA

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Country Hotel Near London

It is difficult for those in search of a real country life to find it within easy distance of London—it is difficult, but possible. I, myself, always on the look-out in my many wanderings for some spot that will give me the essence of the country with the delights of town close at hand, recently found myself at the Farnborough Court Hotel, Bromley, Kent, and was charmed. This magnificent mansion, which has considerable historical interest, is situated in one of the most lovely spots in the kingdom, and commands views that cannot be surpassed. It is only nine miles from London Bridge, and is served by five stations, from any of which it can be reached in a few minutes. It stands nearly 300ft. above sea level, on 100ft. depth of gravel, and the building contains spacious rooms, which include a large concert hall, a ballroom, and winter gardens. Beautiful gardens of some eight acres surround the house, and there are lovely walks beside running streams and through leafy dells, where croquet and tennis lawns, and putting-greens alternate with cosy nooks and sylvan scenes. The aim of the promoters is that the establishment should be conducted on the lines of an English gentleman's country home; ample amusement outdoor and within is provided. There are several golf links in the neighbourhood, so golfers are well provided for. The menu is varied and *recherché*, and the service prompt and silent. In short, there is everything here to attract the city man who is compelled to combine business with pleasure.

Swiss Winter Sports

The Day Service from London to Bâle via Dover and Calais, inaugurated by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway last summer, was so successful that it has been decided, for the convenience of those travelling to Switzerland for the Winter Sports, to run it once a week during January and February. It will leave Charing Cross at 9.0 a.m. every Saturday from January 6 and reach Bâle at 11.41 p.m. (Greenwich time). The train from Calais to Bâle will be of the lavatory corridor type, with a restaurant car available, not only for first but also for second-class passengers. There is no doubt that this facility will be much appreciated by those who, especially at this time of year, wish to avoid the discomfort of all-night travel.

Calendars

Arab family life in the Tripolitan hinterland is artistically depicted in the wall pocket, or letter tidy, issued by Messrs. Campbell, of Perth dyeing fame—or, rather, undying fame. The pocket is of suitable size to hold correspondence, etc., with six months' calendar on each side-piece, which is always in view without turning or taking down from where it hangs. The watch calendar issued by the same firm is on thin paper of a size and shape to fit inside the case of any ordinary watch, and thus combine the hour with the date. Those who have experienced this convenience apply for watch calendars each succeeding year. They can be had free from the local receiving offices of the Perth Dye Works.

MESSRS. CHIVERS AND SONS, LTD., fruit-growers and manufacturers, of Histon, have received the Royal Warrant of Appointment as purveyors of jams, jellies, and canned English fruits to His Majesty King George V. The honour thus conferred is of more than local interest, as Messrs. Chivers were the first fruit-growers to commence the manufacture of jams in this country, and were also the pioneers of the British canned fruit industry—two branches of fruit-preserving which have given an immense stimulus to fruit-growing in the United Kingdom. In addition to the above, Messrs. Chivers and Sons, Ltd., have been awarded twenty-seven Gold Medals and first-class diplomas, together with the following: Grand Prix, Brussels International Exhibition, 1910; Gold Medal, Brussels International Exhibition, 1910; Gold Medal, Japan-British Exhibition, London, 1910; Grand Prix, Turin International Exhibition, 1910; Grand Prix, Festival of Empire, London, 1911, for jams, jellies, and canned English fruits.